27 February 1976 20p USA & Canada 80 Cents By Air

NEW STATESMAN

Ambassador College
APR 16 1976
LIBRARY

Howard Glennerster: In Praise of Public Expenditure

Alexander Cockburn: New Hampshire's Hidden Victor
Peter Wilby: What Price Foreign Students?
John Morgan: The Welsh Triple Crown
Mervyn Levy: Lowry Bayan Northcott: BBC Music
John Carey Alan Ryan Craig Raine

Neither Kith nor Kin

Rhodesia always seems to come as a surprise to British governments, and to Labour ones in particular. Faced as they now are with concrete evidence of the new relationship of forces in black Africa (a development which has been taking shape ever since UDI and our failure to crush it), ministers last week gave us three apparent options. Mr David Ennals quite properly said that we should not make deals with a proven liar like Ian Smith. Mr Callaghan, having fallen on both sides of the fence over Angola, said that there could be a British-sponsored settlement 'provided the regime acknowledged British authority'. And the Prime Minister had to hasten on the air to reassure us that 'semi-fascist regimes' were not of our kidney. It was certainly refreshing to hear Mr Wilson call things by their right names.

The danger that faces the Government today is not that some last-minute commitment of troops will be made to prevent the Cuban hordes from laying siege to Mafeking. There was only ever one chance for a successful British military intervention, and that was ten years ago, when Mr Wilson threw the opportunity away. The danger is that some form of words will be agreed, some formula hit upon, which still assumes the power of the Rhodesian Front and which still requires some British 'monitoring' presence to ensure the transition. Then the trap would really have been sprung. No deal can be acceptable which relies in any way at all on the promises made by Mr Smith's gang. The crass thing about Mr Callaghan's remarks is that they leave the door open for the settler regime to buy time, to hint that they might purge their treason and return to the fold, and in so doing postpone the evil day which is so nearly upon them. The fact that he has dispatched Lord Greenhill, who two weeks ago wrote a letter, full of solicitude for the settlers, to *The Times*, is another ominous sign. What evidence do we have of their goodwill? To take one small example, why is it that when Mr Garfield Todd returns to Rhodesia in a few days he returns to detention? *En passant*, Mr Callaghan might make it clear that there will be no talking at all while that state of injustice persists.

The African majority, considered as a force, plays a strange role in the consciousness of British governments. Sometimes it is the subject of the process, at other times it is the object. Mr Wilson complained last week that Mr Smith had 'rejected everything that I or Mr Heath or Sir Alec Douglas-Home have proposed'. His memory is, unusually, at fault. Mr Smith *did* accept the disgraceful sell-out proposed by the last Conservative Administration; it was the defiant African population who sent Lords Goodman and Pearce scurrying to the airport to announce 'no deal'. What nobody seems to have noticed until President Kaunda pointed it out a fortnight ago is that the blacks are fed up with waiting for others to solve their problem, and are looking for people who feel the same way. That, and not some conspiracy in red and black, is the reason for the lightning success of the Soviet Union in Africa over the past year. In the most absolute sense the caravan has passed on.

While the Russians consolidate their gains, it is not encouraging that the British Government appears to be aligning itself with Dr Kissinger's diplomatic efforts in the region; efforts which have so far been as clumsy as they were unprincipled. Barely had the British public become aware of the existence of Sir Antony Duff when it was announced that he had gone from 'Southern Africa' to Washington, there to confer with Secretary Kissinger's sidekick, Joseph Sisco. Put mildly, this does not inspire confidence. It was, after all, the Nixon-Kissinger strategy to relax sanctions against the Smith regime at the same time as they extended material aid to the Portuguese war in Angola. For Britain to become aligned with such a dismal and conservative policy record would be a disaster.

The reasons for this are twofold and overwhelming. First, and as a matter of principle, we should have no partnership with the slave state of South Africa. Second, and as a matter of politics, it has been discovered the hard way that no long-term policy can cut against the grain of African nationalism. Mr Smith has chosen to attempt this course. He should be left to do it on his own.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Why Healey is Winning

There are two ways of winning. One is to defeat your opponents. The other is to stand around and watch them make fools of themselves, batter like moths against a lighted window, or dwindle into subservience. Mr Denis Healey has enjoyed both opportunities this week. He has attacked his opponents on the Labour Left. Mr Arthur Latham has made a fool of himself. Miss Joan Lestor, the Lone Jester, has, after a period of battering against the window, fallen senseless on the sill. Mr Jack Jones and Mr Hugh Scanlon have dwindled into subservience. Even before Mr Healey 'lashed out', the Left was in a shambles. It is divided, uncertain, fractious and shrill; it is demoralised and isolated; it has been shown up, and the argument over public expenditure is being won by default.

Unpleasant as this spectacle may be, I nevertheless slightly prefer the aggressive Mr Healey to the other one: the blue-eyed boy of international capital, returning from school with a glowing report in his pocket, patted on the back by his superiors and constantly reminding us of his good credit, our bad credit, and our duty to live up to the standards set by the World Bank, the IMF, the Shah or God knows whom. If there is simply no choice but Mr Healey and the Treasury, if the facts of life are Tory, that is one thing. It is perfectly right to challenge the Left for an alternative, and quite right to lose patience when they resort to dubious panaceas and resignations that do not materialise. And yet it is not only on the Labour Left that feelings have been ruffled by the aggressive Mr Healey.

Among most shades of opinion in the party, there is a strong feeling that the whole thing has been done in the wrong way. Had the PLP as a whole, rather than a handful of ministers, been consulted over the cuts, the battle would have been harder to win, but the outcome would have been happier. As it is, Mr Healey's promise that details can be debated came too late, and even those who would broadly support the White Paper feel (at least) somewhat hurt by the manner of its delivery. Labour has now divided into four main camps. There are those (a small number) who would like to bring the Government crashing down at the first opportunity. There are those who will seek to be an effective opposition. A large number believe (or comfort themselves with the thought) that the cuts will never come: something will crop up along the way, and anyway – when has any Treasury prediction been correct? Finally there are those who want to behave, to pay up and do as the Chancellor says.

You might expect that the Left would fall squarely into one of the first two categories, that the *Tribune* Group and the 'soft' Left would already have walked out. As it is, no further ministerial resignations are expected, for reasons that can best be pointed up by comparing the case of Miss Lestor with that of Mr Frank Judd. Miss Lestor resigned, not over the broad ideological issue, but because Mr Fred Mulley is a weak and ineffective Minister of Education. Because of Mr Mulley's weakness, the cuts have fallen heavily on Miss Lestor's department. Now Mr Judd is a political look-alike of Miss Lestor. Defence cuts affect him not only as a junior minister for the navy, but also as MP for Portsmouth North. The wrong defence cuts would wipe out his constituency. The wrong defence cuts did not come, partly because of the inherent difficuty in cutting defence, but also because Mr Judd's interests were well protected by Mr Roy Mason and Mr William Rodgers. So – no resignation. Those who have done well, or less badly than most, see no point in opposing the White Paper. You might call this Negative Bribery – buying up politicians by not chopping their budgets. I assume that it is not illegal.

One key to Mr Healey's success, then, is that he has divided the Left. Mr Latham's notion that, judging by their past performances and beliefs, a large number of ministers would have to 'consider their position' – anyone can *consider* his position – may have been foolish in itself. It is difficult to imagine that well-known *Tribune*ite, Mr John Silkin, throwing in the towel. It is hard to see him taking his place on the back benches, as Miss Lestor did on Tuesday, blowing a kiss to Mr Eric Heffer. Nor has it yet been made clear whether the *Tribune* Group would wish to order their troops to leave the front line. Would Mr Foot obey such a command? And could the command be given, if it was known that Mr Foot would not obey it?

This brings us to the second of Mr Healey's achievements, for not only is the parliamentary Left divided among itself. It is also most dramatically isolated from the union leadership. The credit does not all go to Mr Healey; most of it should be given to the extraordinary love affair (I use the term figuratively – I am not trying to 'hound' public figures) between Mr Foot and Mr Jones. Or Mr Wilson and Mr Jones. Or some sort of *ménage à trois*. As one Labour MP put it, Mr Wilson has convinced Mr Jones that they rule the country between them, but that whereas Wilson can do it without Jones, Jones can't do it without Wilson. So they'd better stick together.

In other words, Mr Jones is convinced that this is part of *his* package. In two major pieces of legislation this year (the amendment to the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act, and the Dock Work Regulation Bill), Mr Jones has been offered an earnest of the Government's benevolent intentions. Then there is the promise of tax cuts (at least in the immediate future). There are pitfalls, of course. For instance, it is said that those union leaders who were worried about the Docks Bill came away from seeing Mr Foot under the distinct impression that the thing was going to be emasculated in committee. Nevertheless, it still seems as if the pledges are being met – or some of them are. So the split between *Tribune* and the unions (which dates approximately from the clash between Mr Jones and Mr Ian Mikardo at last year's Labour Party Conference) continues.

These are bad times for the Left. Unemployment hangs over the Labour movement as a deterrent. The number of days lost through stoppages last year was the lowest since 1968. There is nothing that the parliamentary Left can do without risking a Conservative government. Committees of the Labour Party are searching around for new radical policies which will look good but *cost nothing*. You get a feeling, sometimes, that if anyone makes the slightest movement or gesture the Government is going to call in the receivers. I felt it the other evening, walking along Whitehall: one false move, I thought, and a vast hand would stretch down from the sky and snatch away the National Gallery, as part of the Debt Interest; Hyde Park would be rolled up like a carpet and carried off; St Paul's would be crated up, and shipped away; the merest jam sandwich would be sequestrated, during its passage between the plate and the mouth.

Grim thoughts indeed. And yet by this time next week, the whole thing could look entirely different. It could be spring. Mr Wynne Godley, who seems to advise absolutely everybody, could have let us off the hook. Alternatively, he could have ditched us for good and all. In the meantime, it is worth noting that an apology is owed to Mr Healey by the Right. Remember how it used to be said that the Government was in the hands of the unions and the *Tribune* Group, how the Reds had taken over the NEC, how the Trots had their grip on the unions? It looks very different now, doesn't it? The threat has passed elsewhere. There's a Cuban crisis. The Zulus are getting restless. The Whites are going out all over Africa. But here in Britain, or in England at least, we have our Chancellor to tell us what to do – an Iron Chancellor indeed.

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 91 No 2345
Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1976
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates
UK £10.40: Overseas surface mail £11.50 ($27.60)
By airmail:
Europe, Israel (Air Express) and North America £14.50 ($34.80)
Rest of the world £16.00
Rates for three or six months are pro rata. Reduced rate subscriptions are offered to students at universities, colleges or schools anywhere in the world.
For further details, please write to our Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Cockburn

New Hampshire's Hidden Victor

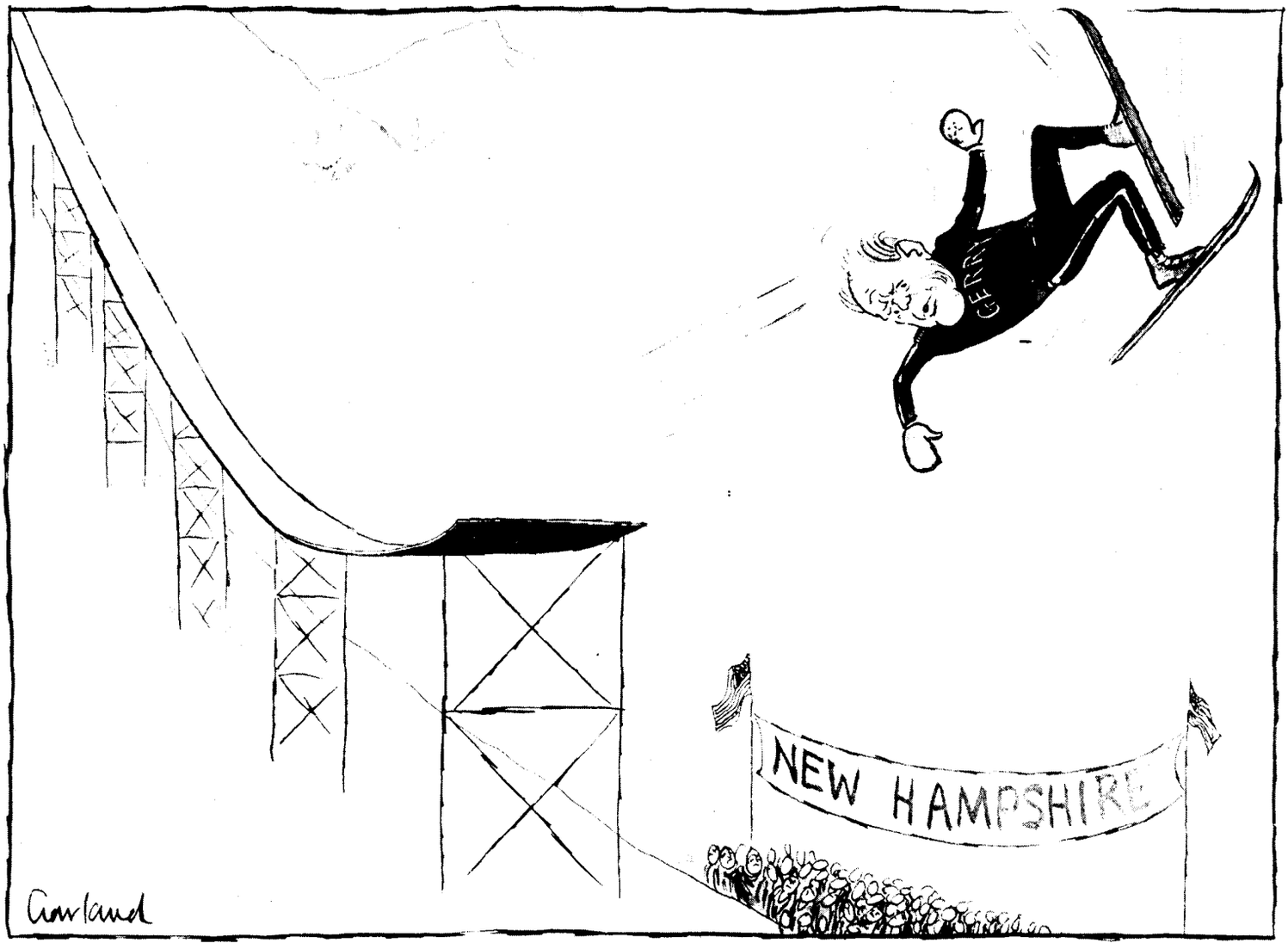
Two winners become visible as the dust settles over the primaries held in New Hampshire last Tuesday: Richard Nixon and Jimmy Carter. Disappointed, despite his narrow victory over Ronald Reagan, was President Ford. In importance the Republican primary outweighed its Democratic counterpart, and its consequences will be more profound. It has been demonstrated that in his first electoral bout outside the limits of his congressional district in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Ford cannot confidently rely on automatic Republican support for an incumbent President. It has also been demonstrated that Ronald Reagan's gamble – emphatic conservatism of the sort that once wrecked Barry Goldwater – was a worthwhile bet. And it is apparent so far as Richard Nixon is concerned that the old rogue still retains bizarre political vitality. For him that mere fact can be construed as a victory.

Even as the votes were still being counted in New Hampshire, Ford's political advisers were angrily claiming that it was Nixon's visit to China, just at the moment when the voters were presumed to be sagaciously pondering their options, which slowed down their man's momentum and led to his slim lead over Reagan. These voters, the argument went, watched television pictures of Nixon working the crowd in Tien-an-Men Square in Peking, took a look at Ford working crowds nearer home, remembered who pardoned whom and marked their ballots accordingly.

The fury at Nixon ventilated by Ford's men – and privately by Ford himself – is oddly paralleled by abuse levelled at the former President in liberal bastions such as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. The editorialists of these two newspapers have been beside themselves, accusing Nixon of every sin from simple lack of taste to direct sabotage of national interests. But the abuse masks a deeper sense of unease, the realisation that with one simple *coup de théâtre* Nixon has reconstituted himself. No longer is he the phlebitic criminal reduced to dickering with David Frost behind the walls of San Clemente. He has masterfully manoeuvred White House spokesmen into the confession that they will heed his reports from Peking. He has prompted columnists to examine his motivations for the trip, so far as the presidential campaign is concerned. His shadow now stretches into the path of every Republican candidate between now and November. It's not, in short, a comeback to be underestimated.

Political beneficiaries of the Nixon trip are, in the short term, Ronald Reagan and, more subtly, John Connally. The next major primary confrontation for the Republicans is in Florida, on 9 March. Although Ford's advisers state that he will stay in the race until the Convention, whatever his fortunes, a defeat in Florida would in fact have serious consequences. Already there are indications that Reagan is doing well there. If in Florida Reagan manages to outstrip or at least once again run neck and neck with Ford, the moment will then be ripe for other Republicans to launch themselves into the struggle.

In the sunset of his regime, when it became apparent that he would have to nominate his own successor, Nixon's first thought was Connally, his former Treasury Secretary. He was dissuaded from the plan only because Connally was about to be indicted for taking bribes. Now Connally, cleared of those charges, bides his time in Texas. He has called for a well-publicised meeting of major Republican power-brokers at his Texan ranch, immediately after the Florida primary. In the event of Ford's defeat or a dead heat Connally would then be able to present himself as a potent distil-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lation of the best of both Nixon and Reagan.

Also prowling about the edges of the campaign is that eternal candidate, Nelson Rockefeller. His hope is that the aroma of an indictment still clings too unpleasantly to John Connally's boots, also that many will remember that Connally only became a Republican in 1972. His disadvantage is familiar: that the Republican Party is still controlled by its Right wing, to whom Rockefeller is still, absurdly, anathema.

Despite eight relatively disastrous years, the Republicans feel they have a chance of winning the election. They can contrive a case that the recession is ending. They can point to Wall Street, where record volumes of shares are being traded. They can hope for a weak Democratic candidate, one offering a pallid version of boisterous conservative ideology. But they need a political engineer like Nixon in his heyday, someone adroit and forceful enough to sell conservatism amid the realities of late capitalism in the mid-1970s. Gerald Ford, it's becoming clear, is not the ideal vendor.

The Democrats have, if such a thing is possible, even more problems on their hands. Jimmy Carter, the former Governor of Georgia, is now the 'front runner'. With a percentage of the Democratic vote less than that won by either Muskie or McGovern in 1972 he decisively beat his nearest rival, Mo Udall. Carter's success thus lends credence to the notion that a conservative democrat declaredly steering clear of 'ideology', equipped with a permanent grin and few visible principles of any sort (apart from belief in a compact between the Almighty and himself), running against a bogus enemy called 'Washington', can walk off with the nomination.

Such a notion is premature. Next Tuesday will see another primary in Massachusetts. Active in that primary contest are both George Wallace and Henry Jackson, neither of whom bothered to campaign in New Hampshire. This time Carter will, therefore, be facing these noisy conservative guns now (though he is mobile) to his Right, while also battling for the sophisticated liberal voters of Massachusetts, which was, after all, the only state in the union to go for McGovern in 1972. Here his opponent is Mo Udall, presently the preferred liberal candidate and one bathed in the glory of an endorsement from Nixon's old nemesis, former Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

Then, in Florida, comes Carter's crucial battle. He has to beat, or at least run very close to, Wallace, who won an enormous 42 per cent of the vote there in 1972. Carter, though Jackson is running in Florida too, is presenting the primary there as a two-man race. And though in the past, in Georgia, he has steered close to Governor Wallace he is presenting the Florida contest as one between darkness and light, between liberalism and reaction. 'Darkness', in the opinion of many, may triumph and Wallace emerge the victor.

Certainly party professionals such as Robert Strauss, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, still see Wallace as winning in Florida. And Strauss's analysis is very simple. The only person capable of warding off the Wallace menace would then be Hubert Humphrey, buttressed (if such a thing were humanly possible) by a vice-presidential candidate in the form of Edward Kennedy.

At the moment, though, Carter's hour has come. He is skating on the thin ice of 'honesty'. He has as yet very little appeal to labour, none to minorities such as blacks, and indeed not much to the big cities either (he opposed federal aid to New York). Nonetheless his camp-followers are growing, among them many operators formerly working for the Kennedys or for McGovern.

Carter's hour may have come, but – as I have said – it may pass soon. The Republicans need to discover an appropriate salesman, but so do the Democrats. So far, as I described last week, Reagan's ideas have dominated the political idiom of the candidates. On jobs, the price of energy, the cost of living, the Democrats will have to come up with something more substantial than an image next November. New Hampshire produced little clue as to what that substance will ultimately be.

New York

David Leitch

A 'Non' from Comrade Marchais

The date 24 February 1976 was, you might think, of great and perhaps even historic importance in the world communist movement. Not only did it mark the opening in Moscow of the 25th Congress of the Soviet Party, the last no doubt with Leonid Brezhnev in the saddle, but going against the well-established tradition by which the congresses are held in March – thus providing a memory for the faithful of all those clandestine and exiled congresses held in this month at the beginning of the century – the opening date meant that 20 years had elapsed to the day since Nikita Khrushchev's great watershed speech, the so-called 'secret report' on the evils of Stalinism which marked the final session of the 20th Congress in 1956.

Here then was an occasion not to be missed by delegates from brother parties throughout the world. Briefly, all roads led to Moscow, and the great steel and glass palace within the Kremlin walls saw the arrival of Fidel Castro and Enrico Berlinguer, Cunhal of Portugal and Dolores Ibarruri of Spain, to name only a few world leaders who joined the 5,000 delegates hearing Brezhnev's understandably triumphant account of the last five years, and the objectives set between now and 1980. And yet there was one well-known face, an impeccably proletarian one too, in all conscience, missing from the eager throng. In case you have any difficulty in guessing his identity, here is a pen-portrait drawn for the occasion by the Albanian News Agency in Tirana.

Who, can we guess, might be 'this megalomaniac *petit-bourgeois* and theoretical charlatan, this bourgeois spy in the heart of the Labour movement, who, driven by his zeal to serve his bourgeois masters, takes his stance in the ranks of the most hideous renegades'? It is of course none other than Georges Marchais, whose absence last Tuesday makes him the first leader of the French party to miss a Soviet Party Congress since the PCF was founded over half a century ago. We are thus confronted with a historic precedent, the significance of which has been carefully weighed by Marchais and his French collaborators. Probably the most important of them, Jean Kanapa, the so-called 'Foreign Secretary' of the PCF, whose rapid rise and influence in the Politburo derives from his position as '*homme de confiance*' to the French leader, was dispatched to Moscow to hold a watching brief for his patron. Not however as leader of the delegation, but as a simple member of the contingent led by a figure-head, Gaston Plissonier, who is secretary of the French Central Committee.

And so if you were a reader of *L'Humanité*, the French party's daily paper, you might have been excused for believing that what was going on in Moscow this week was peripheral. They reported the opening of the Kremlin congress sure enough, but only on page three, and with a modesty, not to say discretion, that makes the heart bleed for poor Serge Leyrac, *L'Huma*'s permanent man in Moscow, who must feel that times are hard indeed when he cannot fight his way on to page one with an account of this great moment in the affairs of his own party's elder brother.

Instead, *L'Humanité*'s headlines are taken up with another date – 7 March, which marks the opening of the French cantonal elections. And with an account of another party reunion in another place, to be precise the meeting in the Palais des Sports in the Paris western suburbs next Monday (1 March) where Marchais will be haranguing the party workers of the Paris region on the subject of getting the voters out in these same local elections.

It will, no doubt, be a most uplifting occasion. Even though these elections affect only half the cantons, or small local districts; and again even taking into account the fact that probably half the French population remain contentedly ignorant about what these elections are all about, as well they might be, since the responsibilities of those who will be elected to the honourable title of *conseiller* are rather limited. (The most onerous, in fact, are to do with the upkeep of cantonal roads, known to French drivers only because they are so obscure that they should be avoided at all costs.) The *conseillers cantonales* also control certain very minor appointments in their area, the best-known of which is that of village or hamlet street-cleaner.

The *cantonales* then may generate a cer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain interest among those jostling for sinecures among the dust-bins of rustic France, but they are few, and to produce a newspaper which suggests these *Clochemerle*-esque formalities are of more import to the PCF than what Brezhnev and company are saying in Moscow is not an accident. Nor even can it be passed off as a joke (since whatever the PCF's faults, flippancy, God knows, cannot be counted among them). Rather *L'Humanité*, and the raucous tones of Marchais speaking through the dead-pan headlines, have offered their fraternal comrades in the Kremlin, a gesture which will be taken in the spirit intended. That is, a calculated insult.

It is hard to imagine a cruder – and clearer – way of emphasising the message of the PCF's own 22nd Party Congress at Le Bourget three weeks ago. Here one noted Andrei Kirilenko, at 70 a distinguished elder statesman of the Moscow party, and still indeed the quasi-titular Politburo Number 2 to Brezhnev, hunched on the fraternal delegates' platform, his face uncannily like a leaf made of cement, his thoughts unfathomable as he peered at the red banners proclaiming 'A DEMOCRATIC ROAD TO SOCIALISM – A SOCIALISM FOR FRANCE'.

It is now in any event certain that Marchais, making his statements about the Clochemerle elections, has passed the point of no-return along this nationalist route. It is up to the Moscow party, who have no reason to rush their decision unless they wish, to respond either by excommunicating the French, making some deal with them, or, to take the least likely alternative, trying their hand at spreading dissension within the PCF along lines pursued with mixed success at different times within the parties of Austria, Finland and Spain.

Of all the Soviet options this is the least promising because the internal French battle has now been lost and won, and the Marchais snub to Brezhnev, an incidental payoff for the Russian interference (on the side of Giscard) in the presidential elections of 1974, is generally popular among French communists. What anti-PCF commentators have called the Marchais 'seduction operation' at Le Bourget has already been seen to pay off in terms of the non-communist voters the PCF are now wooing with their policy of nationalism and '*ouverture*'. A poll in the conservative newspaper *Le Figaro* actually showed a post-Le Bourget rise of no less than seven points in one week in Marchais's personal popularity rating. The French party is going through a period of something approaching euphoria.

Among those less than happy can be counted Roland Leroy, a more or less unconditional pro-Soviet liner, whose humiliation as editor of *L'Humanité* at having been forced to produce the edition of 24 February can only be imagined. Little consolation to him, and his (rather few) supporters in the PCF hierarchy, that the process of historical evolution and changing tactics will in due course make it no longer necessary for the French to cock childish snooks at Big Brother. If the PCF had been more flexible and imaginative they might have got all this over years ago, certainly after 1968. Perhaps in due course, like their fraternal comrade Berlinguer from Rome, they will have established themselves well enough with the domestic electorate for them to visit Moscow with impunity – and from a position of strength, without fearing to jeopardise local support.

But when the day comes it will already be too late for poor Roland Leroy and, one cannot help suspecting, too late for Georges Marchais as well. Very likely it will be his successor who next takes a Kremlin seat to listen to some new communist first secretary accounting for the triumphs, or otherwise, of 1976-80. By then the Albanian rhetoric, as much as Brezhnev's silken references to 'brother parties' who make 'concessions to opportunism,' thus forgetting 'their sacred duty to respect proletarian internationalism,' will be equally lost in the ideological graveyard of battles long ago.

Paris

Christopher Hitchens

Can Labour Hold Coventry?

Coventry is a Labour city. Before and after the Nazi blitzkrieg it enjoyed a thoroughgoing non-Morrisonian local Labour authority, with a democratic leadership under George Hodgkinson and an organic link with the trade unions in the motor plants. The monuments to this period remain in the Civic Theatre, the ring road, the well-ordered separation of housing and industrial estates. Describing an earlier contest there, Richard Crossman wrote:

> Once again the Labour election campaign reached its climax in the mass march of the Standard workers across Hearsall Common and down to Pool Meadow where the mass meeting was duly held. Once again the Labour candidates were easily elected.

Today, in spite of 7.2 per cent unemployment, there are still plenty of car workers in Coventry and those of them who toil for Chrysler, Alfred Herbert, BLMC/Jaguar, Rolls-Royce and the Meriden co-op are all getting by on public funds. But the idea of their marching for a Labour victory is a strain on the imagination. So, admittedly, is the idea of them voting for Jonathan Guinness, Monday Clubber and squire of Osbaston. And it would be safe to say that even Cyril Smith's visit will not convert them to the camp of Alan Leighton, a local agony columnist whose role as a male Evelyn Home has turned out a campaign even more hucksterish and apolitical than the Liberal average. 'The back of ALAN LEIGHTON'S visiting card forms part of a photograph of ALAN. There are EIGHT different versions which can be PLACED TOGETHER TO MAKE A COMPLETE PORTRAIT. Collect all eight, put them together and ALAN will be sure to give you a personal visit.' Thanks a lot. NS readers in Coventry North-West have five days left to try this on.

The choice of more than usually technocratic Labour, more than usually reactionary Tory and more than usually drivelling Liberal illustrates how stale British politics have become. Labour are running a popular local manager in Geoffrey Robinson, the former boss of Jaguar cars, and keen supporter of the Meriden motorbike co-op. He is Mr Nice Guy all right, and going round the working men's clubs (of which I liked the Jaguar-Daimler-Climax Club best on account of its name) with him is to see a candidate who needs no introduction.

He has a good shirt-sleeve style, a brisk easy manner and a reputation that travels before him and seems to exclude the awkward question of Project 2641, the whopping loss-maker that Jaguar handed on to British Leyland while Robinson was manager. Robinson's main enemy is apathy. Last year Labour lost the two most solid wards in the division because of low turn-out, and party workers admit that the Healey measures have not encouraged enthusiasm. Labour has one trick up its sleeve, which is a well-timed announcement that the local authority will cut mortgage interest rates by one half per cent. But 'the gaffer', as Robinson is called by his ex-employees as they canvass for him, still presses the flesh with a note of concern. 'Get the lads out, won't you?' he says at the end of every chat. His pocket calculator, which goes well with his Jaguar XJ6 campaign car, emerges to compute which way the Liberal vote may crumble, and he concludes that the bulk of it would return to the Tories.

'. . . So that's why a Labour defence minister can *never* be trusted, even when he's a good man like Roy Mason.' Jonathan Guinness talks too much, which is to say that he spends too long talking to individuals and doesn't spread himself sufficiently thin. Handsome and deceptively languid, he is neither the fat-head nor the fascist of repute (the two posts are filled amply in this election by Andrew Fountaine of the National Front). Guinness has an 'angels in marble' strategy of convincing workers that patriotism, law and order and race should make them natural Tories. Midland feeling in favour of hanging terrorists is stronger than in most places, and he meets the demand gladly. The razor-blades of Lincoln have followed him here as a taunt, and he seems to think it unfair that he is only remembered for that one remark. I forbore to say that if he hadn't made it he might not be remembered at all. On immigration he advocates giving black folk £3,000 to go home (Fountaine's solution would at least be cheaper) and he plays the anti-Russian card as well whenever possible. Cavalier in a world of roundheads, he doesn't seem to disconcert his rather dowdy followers, who prefer to talk about taxes, as indeed do most of those canvassed. In a miner's pub in Keresley, ex-Chrysler workers voice their complaints and Guinness's aide John Devine remarks that 'in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this pub we would have been roughed up in 1964. But now the Labour chaps seem to have lost their fire rather'.

George Hodgkinson would agree. Retired now as Labour's elder statesman in the city, he is impatient with the lack of ideas in the movement. 'The organisation's as flat as a pancake,' he says. 'We've lost our way on social conscience and local leadership.' He is still political education officer for the CLP, but complains that 'there's no philosophy being taught in the Labour Party any more'. Healey's package has added to his despair about the growing impotence and circumscription of local government, which he sees as being at the mercy of the money-lenders. And he feels there is a loosening of the bonds between the trade unions and the party, with workers going their own way on economic matters and leaving politics to others.

It would be cowardly not to make a prediction, which must be of a Labour win on a reduced majority. The point is that such a result is being worked for, not in order that things may change but in order that they remain the same. All the traditions of Coventry Labour have come down to picking a man who was a good manager of Jaguar in a bad year.

K. S. Karol

The Peking Three

Vigorous though the lotus may be, it must grow leaves to sustain it.
A stockade will stand up only if it is supported by three posts.

Since 1958 Mao Tse-tung has been citing these Chinese proverbs when urging his comrades to practise collective leadership, and now, following on the death of Chou En-lai, Peking has in effect set up a three-man team under Mao in line with his precept. Yet this move came as a complete surprise – and not merely to foreign observers – because of the choice of the 'third man', Hua Kuo-feng, who out of the blue succeeded Chou as Prime Minister. For Hua was appointed over the heads of the two most important men in the country after the Chairman himself, Teng Hsiao-p'ing and Chang Chu'un-ch'iao, either of whom could have been logically regarded as Chou's successor.

Little is known about Hua Kuo-feng's career before his arrival in Peking. According to Hong Kong sources, he was born in 1922, joined the Chinese Communist Party at the age of 19, took part in the war of liberation without any particular distinction, and since 1958 has been one of the ten secretaries of the party and one of the seven vice-governors of his – and Mao's – native province, Hunan. Like Mao he also comes from a peasant – but not very poor – family.

During the Cultural Revolution the Hunan capital, Changsha, experienced considerable unrest and even, in 1968, became one of the centres of the Red Guards' ultra-Left. These young militants flooded in from every corner of the country to make the pilgrimage to Mao's birthplace at Chao-chan and, in passing, staged demonstrations against the 'revisionist monsters' of the party's regional HQ. But there is no record that Hua either came under attack or was in any way linked with the ultra-Left. It is known, on the other hand, that in April 1968, when the Red Guards' influence was still very strong, that he was promoted to the chairmanship of his province's revolutionary committee, and that in November 1970 he took over the 'reconstructed' headquarters of the Hunan CP. A few months earlier, during the Chinese party's 9th congress, he had been made a member of the Central Committee.

Hua's career, until then worthy but undistinguished, took a sudden leap forward after the fall of Lin Piao when many of Lin's protégés among both the national and regional leaderships disappeared from the political scene. Hua Kuo-feng then moved to Peking to fill the vacuum that this exodus had created and soon – during the party's 10th congress – became one of the country's top dozen leaders. He took over the supervision of a wide range of responsibilities, from agriculture to planning, but at the same time keeping his hold on Hunan; in 1973 he was made Minister of Security. Two years later he was promoted vice-premier, side by side with Teng Hsiao-p'ing and Chang Ch'un-ch'iao.

Understandably, for foreign commentators – and also, probably, for the Chinese themselves – the rise of the latter two was more significant than that of Hua because they embody – partly despite themselves – two precise lines and two stories that symbolise Chinese communism during and since the Cultural Revolution. Teng perhaps never actually uttered the famous phrase 'It doesn't matter whether a cat is white or black – if it catches rats it's a good cat'. The Red Guards have never been very scrupulous about verifying their sources; in any case the epigram must have appeared in 1960, and since then Teng has had plenty of time to change his mind. So there is nothing to justify the continuing characterisation of the man as a pragmatist, a simple administrator far removed from the 'politicised' concepts of development extolled by Mao. On the contrary, foreign diplomats testify unanimously that Teng is in fact a doctrinaire politician rather than a free-wheeling eclectic. He is in fact the victim of the discreet manner in which he reappeared after a period of deep disgrace during the Cultural Revolution – for in spite of full and persuasive explanations it is hard to forget that he once bore the label of 'Khrushchev Number 2' in China.

Last week's attack in the *People's Daily* on 'unrepentant capitalist roaders within the party' was clearly aimed at Teng although he was not mentioned by name. These 'capitalist roaders', the paper declared, had tried to twist the real meaning of the Chairman's injunction that the country should 'settle down and unite' and used it as a pretext to further revisionist policies and negate the class struggle as the most important factor in social progress. The attack referred obliquely to a speech made by Teng last September in which he urged the Chinese to 'follow Chairman Mao's important instructions . . . to promote stability and unity to boost the national economy' and condemned Teng's alleged intention of introducing financial incentives in industry as a return to 'Khrushchev's goulash communism'.

As for Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, everyone remembers him as the most important survivor of the Central Group of the Cultural Revolution, one of the most powerful forces behind the historic upheaval of 1966-69. Whether he likes it or not, his name evokes the famous putsch in Shanghai in January 1967 and the mass meeting in February 1967 at which he read Mao's instruction to the ephemeral Shanghai commune. Personally, I believe that Chang is today the most important Chinese leader after Mao. He is secretary-general of the party, vice-premier, head of the political service of the Red Army, principal theoretician of the party and, further, seems to have a bigger say than Wang Hung-wen, the young newcomer to the top ranks, in the affairs of Shanghai, the biggest city in China.

It is quite likely that the divisions within the Chinese Communist Party are not the same as those which racked it before an

Roger Woddis

The Visit

(After 'A Chinese Picture', by Linda Suggate)

See the Great Hall of the People,
The smiling welcome
And the paper flowers:
A limpid lake without a ripple,
Hands clasped in brotherly affection,
The Chairman thinking, 'He is one of ours'.

Red carpet, white man, blue chin.
Prepare a banquet for the visitor,
Let nothing be spared, everything laid on:
Roast beef, fresh water-melon, shark's fin.
Chopsticks are lowered, brimming glasses raised –
A toast to the capitalist roader, Nik-son!

Under the lanterns and the coloured awning
The friendly talks continue
Amid approving nods.
The honorary comrade gives a warning:
'Put not your trust in Moscow.'
(Acclamation from the temple gods.)

Parchments fade, the pattern is uncertain;
Re-charge the sable brush,
Time will do the rest.
Whispering behind the bamboozle curtain:
Any stick to beat a running dog with,
Any dupe can be a useful guest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gas

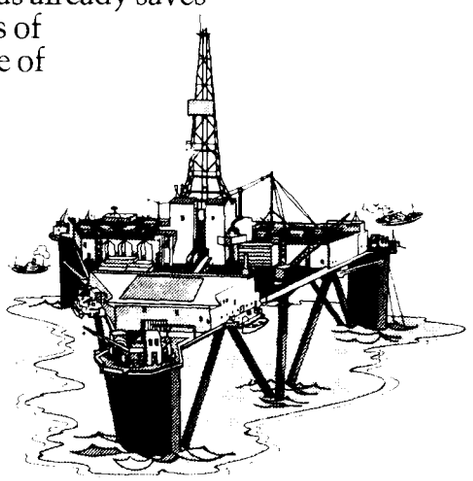
HERE TODAY, HERE TOMORROW... ...AND FOR A VERY LONG TIME TO COME.

The supplies of natural gas so far discovered (and which Britain has been enjoying for about eight years now) will last Britain for a very long time to come.

And, with the firm expectation of further significant finds in the North Sea and around other parts of the coast, Britain can look forward to enjoying the unique benefits of this clean, efficient fuel into the next century.

What is more, natural gas already saves Britain hundreds of millions of pounds a year on the balance of payments, and make us less dependent on imported oil.

All of which makes natural gas one of Britain's most precious assets. So please use it carefully– it's much too good to waste.



HOW YOU CAN SAVE GAS AND MONEY

1 Use your central heating time clock sensibly
2 Turn your thermostat down a degree or two
3 Turn off unnecessary radiators
4 Insulate your roof space and hot water system
5 Have your gas equipment properly maintained and serviced
6 Ask at your local showroom for further information about how to save gas–and save money

SAVE IT

BRITISH GAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the Cultural Revolution. In the party, according to Mao's definition, there are always a Right, a Centre and a Left; but the spokesmen for these groups, who today face quite different problems, are not necessarily the same men who supported the Left or the Right during the 1966 conflict, for example.

Today, with all debates going on behind closed doors, it is not easy to find out what positions are being taken up by Teng Hsiao-p'ing and Chang Ch'un-ch'iao. All that one can say is that if either had become Chou En-lai's official successor – and therefore, eventually, Mao's – China would have seemed to have taken a sharp turn to Left or to Right. To avoid the consequences of such a sudden shock, Mao chose, for the time being, Hua Kuo-feng, a man whose past upsets no one and who, as a bonus, has given full proof that, both 'Red and expert', he is well equipped for the role of the 'third post' needed to shore up the corporate stockade of Chinese communism.

Corinna Adam

St Paul's Decay

As you come into London from the West, say from Heathrow Airport, a couple of minutes before arriving at the air terminal you pass what looks like a pleasant green space. It is in fact grass which has been the subject of bitter dispute for more than eight years: the original playing fields of a school, St Paul's, which formerly stood in Victorian Gothic splendour further back. The desolate site of the school is there still; indeed the whole area is not quite what it seems from the bus. On closer view, it is a wasteland created by local authority disputes.

In what is now, effectively, central London, one might assume that 14¾ acres of publicly owned land should not be lightly disregarded; that they should, rather, have priority in terms of planning. But a process of general indecision and buck-passing has continued ever since St Paul's School sold the site and moved across the river to Barnes.

St Paul's sold out (and many people, not just old boys, regret the new building) for £2.1m. Since then, nothing has happened to the Hammersmith site. Literally nothing, apart from internal arguments about planning permission, which will be finally – some think disastrously – resolved at the end of next month. Then the bulldozers are due to move in and turn the field into an amazing complex housing the West London College of Further Education, plus about 296 'dwellings' and probably – as a gesture towards the conservationists – a two-acre 'recreation area'.

To hear the conservationists' propaganda, which is convincing in many ways, one might believe that this was a cheerful piece of land about to be desecrated. In fact it has already been made desolate, by neglect. The grass (once so famous that international rugby teams on visits to Twickenham used to practise there) is half-trimmed at best, bumpy, covered with crumpled soft-drink cans and innumerable dog faeces. In one corner, the old school lawn-roller stands, rusting and immovable. One can see where the cricket nets were; there is a dangerous hollow where the swimming pool once was; the sand from the long-jump pit still lies in a dirty pile. If you lean over the GLC's ageing white railings, you can see the foundations of the school itself, just like a bomb site – the variously coloured walls which distinguished the art-room from the science laboratory, for example, and nothing but rubble between them.

Be that as it may, the conservationists' energetic campaign has nonetheless resulted in the impressive number of 11,000 signatures to a petition to the Department of the Environment and Hammersmith Council, from a convincingly accurate cross-section of local residents. And their latest coup has been to get over 200 local schoolteachers to sign a separate complaint, since taking the field out of use as public space will mean small children having to travel for an hour (half an hour each way) to alternative fields, to play.

The tale is one of incompetence, even betrayal. When the then London County Council bought the site in 1964 (it is officially documented) they said that ten acres of the site would be marked down for public use, and only the remaining 4¼ acres would be built on – for public housing. There were several complaints about the only major London school with anything comparable to such outdoor facilities being moved across the Thames, to Barnes. The complaints were

thought to be elitist, and dismissed as such. But the history of the past eight years (the building itself was actually demolished in 1968, much of the art-nouveau panelling then being sold to the Biba emporium) shows that elitism can conceal a truth. There are things worth preserving: St Paul's and its extraordinary grounds may have been one.

Since 1968 the ball of responsibility for the Fields' future has been tossed across the court between Hammersmith Council and the GLC. But all planners have one thing in common – they hate to see what they regard as waste. St Paul's Fields are 'wasted', in their book: and the longer decision was delayed, the more wasted they have become. It is not, now, a place I would choose to take people on a weekend outing. But many people have no choice, and some fondness for it: it could, after all, be very pleasant indeed. Only neglect has made it a central dump; and that neglect is due to GLC indecision.

As it is, the borough of Hammersmith falls short by some 74 acres of even the minimal area of open space recommended by the GLC itself in its essay in gigantism, the *Greater London Development Plan*. Their interim (as opposed to ideal) standard is 2½ acres of open space per 1,000 inhabitants. As for the need for a centralised West London College, there are many alternatives – the most attractive perhaps being the college of St Mark and St John on the King's Road – under-used but otherwise suitable, one is told, bar £1m. which needs to be spent on fire-escapes. The GLC admit to an initial figure of some £5.9m. for building on the grass of St Paul's Fields; the conservationists reckon that the final figure would be at least £20m.

Now that the plans for redevelopment have been drawn, at a cost of some £200,000 – so that a lot of reputations, let alone money, are at stake – the authorities are naturally anxious to begin building by the end of March. If they do not, they lose their position in this year's building programme. The GLC has assigned planning permission to itself, and only the Secretary of State for the Environment, Mr Anthony Crosland, can withdraw it.

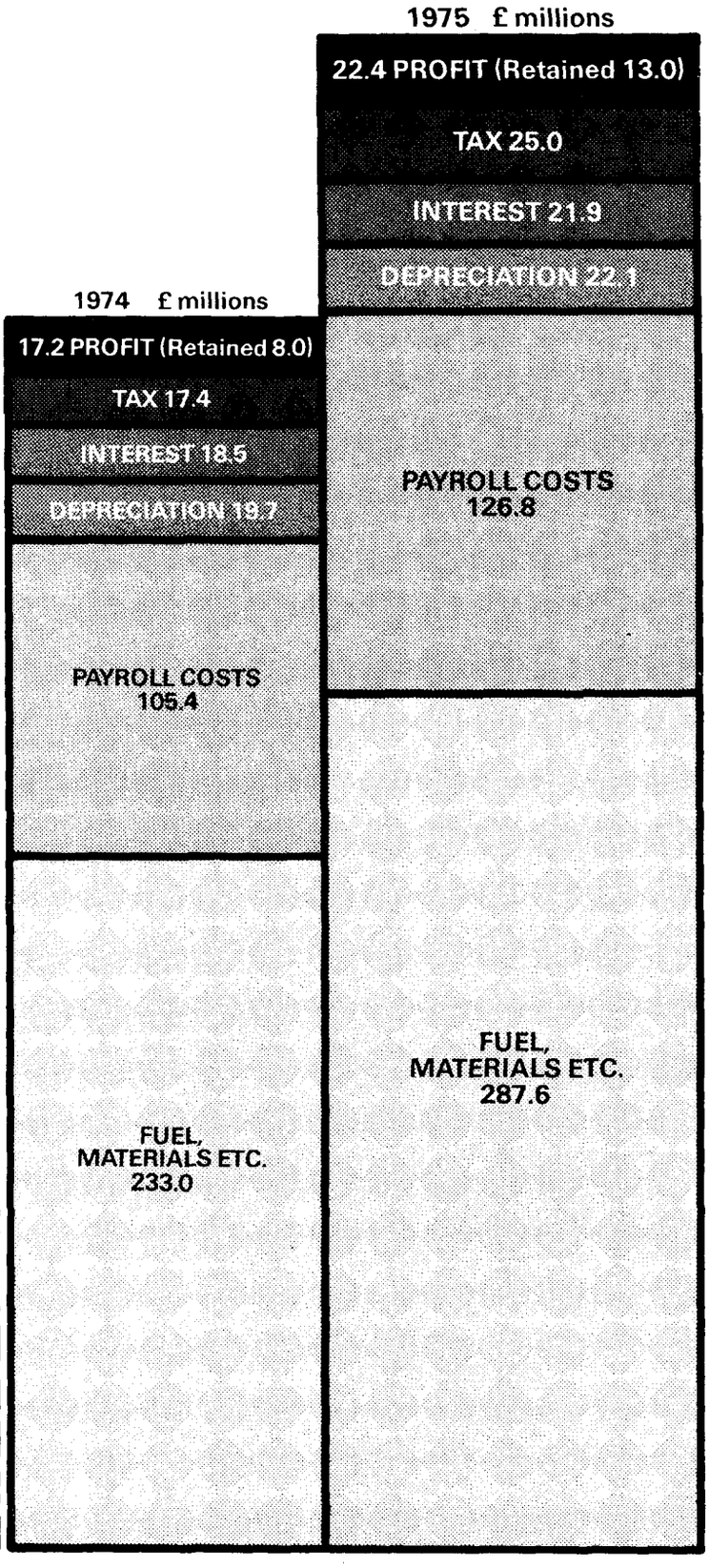
The conservationists have been careful, even in the literature which is generally as excitable as might be expected, not to alienate Mr Crosland – he is referred to throughout as intelligent and thoughtful, the kind of man who must surely care for this particular aspect of the quality of life etc. Nevertheless, the West Kensington Environment Campaign decided, this week, that their only recourse was through the law. First, they are asking for an injunction to prevent the GLC proceeding with any action whatsoever in that green wilderness in April. This is fairly normal procedure, though not necessarily usually a successful one. But what they are further doing is even more important: they are questioning the heart of the matter – the GLC's right to arrogate planning permission to itself. It will be a test case, worth watching by anyone interested in making city life a bit more than tolerable, and in limiting the powers of well-meaning, unelected civil servants to know better what citizens want and need than the people themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOC

In a tough year, BOC International did well

Last year we said we were determined. Now, despite a tough year, with inflation in all our markets and price controls in most, we can say we succeeded.
BOC International's sales are up 21.7% to £490.9 million. Profit after tax up 33% to £22.4 million (retained £13 million– up 61%).
The coupon will bring you a copy of the annual report.
75,592 shareholders have already got one.



With over 100 companies in 43 countries, the BOC Group's activities include industrial gases; medical gases and equipment; welding and cutting equipment; vacuum and cryogenic plant and equipment; chemicals and metals; computer and off-shore services.

The Annual Meeting of BOC International Ltd will be held at the CBI Council Chamber, 21 Tothill Street, London SW1 at 11.30 am, 16 March 1976.

To: The Company Secretary, BOC International Ltd., Hammersmith House, London W6 9DX.
Please send Annual Report & Accounts.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

_____ NS

BOC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Howard Glennerster*

In Praise of Public Expenditure

For several months now what seems like a carefully orchestrated theme has been developing in the media, preparing its audience for major cuts in public expenditure. Now, with the publication of the White Paper, we have reached a veritable crescendo of nonsense. It is time to clarify some of the confused arguments and conceptual errors that are being made.

First, there is the claim that public spending is now so high that it threatens the mixed economy. Sixty per cent of the gross domestic product, the White Paper says, is devoted to public expenditure. We are, Roy Jenkins asserts, 'near the boundaries of social democracy', or as others would put it, 'on the verge of a communist state'. The implication is that only 40 per cent of the economy remains in private hands. That is, of course, rubbish. Any first-year economics undergraduate should be able to tell you why. The figure for total expenditure that is so often quoted includes both expenditure on goods and services which do form part of the gross national product *and* transfer items like pensions and other kinds of income support which do not.

To compare such a combined figure with the gross national product is simply to be guilty of double counting. The accompanying table gives a fairer assessment of the situation. It shows that public spending consumes only about a third of the goods and services produced. Indeed the public sector's use of goods and services has increased very little over the past 25 years. State grants to the 'personal sector' – mainly pensions and other social security benefits – amount to just over 10 per cent of personal income, but they do not affect the total sum that is available to be spent on private consumption. The sharpest increase in spending since 1971 has been on the following broad categories: subsidies, net lending and capital grants to the private sector and the payment of interest on government borrowing. It is this last item that is going to increase fastest in the new White Paper.

A different argument has been advanced recently by some Cambridge economists who have maintained that since 1970 or so public spending has been out of control in the sense that the technical control procedures used are simply not working. That underestimates the power of the Treasury in these matters but it is the local authorities who are frequently cast as the main villains. It is true that over a long period local expenditure has grown faster than central, but that is almost wholly because the programmes that central government has itself sought to promote – education, housing and the personal social services – are largely administered by local government. The costly consequences of reorganisation, bigness and managerial methods were also forced on local government by the centre, and incidentally by proponents of economy in public spending. Dr A. H. Marshall's evidence to the Layfield committee has shown that when you take account of price increases in the interim the estimates of future local authority spending that the government agree as a basis for the rate support grant have turned out to be very close to what local councils have actually spent. The major unforecast increase in spending in the social service sector has been on housing. Much of this can be accounted for by the combined effect of high interest rates and inflation causing a 'bunching' effect on housing costs in the early years of loan repayment. Then there was the deliberate decision to allow council house building to increase as private building collapsed, and the steeply rising costs of existing houses, land and construction between 1972 and 1974.

All of these factors were a direct consequence of the economic policies, or lack of them, of the Barber period and the effects are now beginning to moderate. Even so it is instructive that attention has focused only on the rise in *council* house subsidies that resulted from the higher construction costs and interest charges. The same factors have caused a greater increase in owner-occupiers' tax subsidies. Between 1972/3 and 1973/4 the average additional contribution from local and central government to the rents of local authority tenants was £11 a year. The extra support the average mortgage holder received was £17 a year. (*Social Trends* 1975).

The vision of the social services stage coach, driven by local authority treasurer bandits, careering along wildly out of control, is even further from the truth than most Westerns. On the contrary, indications from the local authorities themselves suggest that some existing services are being cut back rather sharply.

Even if some of the critics are prepared to concede the argument so far, they still believe the burden of social spending is greater than the British economy can bear. The best known exponents of that view outside the normal range of Conservative opinion are Robert Bacon and Walter Eltis, the authors of the *Sunday Times* series of articles which appeared last autumn. Indeed they laid the major blame for Britain's economic performance on the expansion of the social services which had absorbed such large quantities of labour that industry had been incapable of finding the manpower it needed to expand. Moreover, as they put it, 'the extra goods for the consumption of the armies of teachers and social workers and civil servants can only be supplied at the expense of building factories and exporting less'. There are signs of this approach reflected in the White Paper.

There is little to support this line of argument. There is little evidence, for example, that industrial production has been held back by general shortages of labour as opposed to particular shortages of key workers, and there is no evidence that that kind of highly skilled manpower is to be found in the social services sector. If the evidence suggests anything it is the need for improved industrial training and further education, as the TUC have been arguing. In fact, labour productivity is low compared to comparable industries abroad. Even so it has increased faster than output so industry has been shedding workers. Earnings in those industries that have expanded fastest have not risen significantly faster than in other industries, which suggests they have not had to pay much higher rates to attract workers. Least convincing of all is the picture of large numbers of skilled manual workers being sucked into our schools and hospitals.

The employment statistics bear out one's first impressions. It is certainly true that while the total number of employed persons actually fell between 1964 and 1975, there was an increase in the employment category including education and health of over a million people, and over a quarter of a million additional jobs were created in other public services. Yet of the total of 1½ million additional workers well over a million were women. In the same period the number of married women at work has increased even faster and the net increase in all women at work has been about 700,000. What we see, therefore, is not an exodus from the factories to the social services, but a movement from the kitchen sinks into the hospitals and schools and old people's homes.

Much of the Bacon and Eltis case turns on the peculiar distinction they make between what they call the 'market sector' of the economy, where prices are charged and goods and services are bought and sold, and the non-market sector, where free public services are provided. It is the 'excessive' size of the latter that concerns them. In practice it is an arbitrary and unhelpful distinction. A good many services even within the so called 'free' sector carry charges. More important, such a distinction is irrelevant to the opportunity or real costs of the resources employed. In the United States, for example, health care is charged for but most of the cost is then refunded to the old and the poor. This form of public finance together with private insurance, without adequate public control, has made health care in the US vastly more expensive than here, with the result that a higher share of their GNP – over 8 per cent – is devoted to health care than in the UK

* *Senior Lecturer in Social Economics at the London School of Economics.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

– over 5 per cent – without, it seems, any obvious comparable gain in efficiency or quality.

How far is the increased level of public spending the result of rising expenditure on the social services – social-security payments like pensions, sickness, unemployment and supplementary benefits, the health service, education, the personal social services like residential care of old people and children, and housing? Over the past 14 years these items have taken a larger share of the country's real resources, but in 1974 they still comprised less than 15 per cent of the total. Transfer items too have risen. But we must ask why, and is Britain in any way exceptional? What is often overlooked is the extent to which rising numbers of people are dependent upon the services, that the costs of providing them are rising and that the faster earnings rise the faster benefits must rise to keep pace.

The magnitude of some of the long-term population changes that have occurred in the last 20 years is not widely appreciated. At the turn of this century there were 5¾ million children at state or state-assisted schools. Half a century later, despite other changes that had taken place in education, the total number of schoolchildren had barely increased. In 1950 there were still fewer than 5.9 million children at state schools. But in 1975 there were over 9 million children at school in England and Wales paid out of public funds. Part of the increase was the result of longer schooling; most resulted from the steady rise in the birth-rate that occurred between 1955 and 1965. Now that pressure is beginning to ease.

Ageing Population

But at the other end of the age scale the number of dependants not only has been increasing but will continue to do so until the early 1980s. In 1900 only six in every 100 people were over pensionable age. Today 17 in every 100 are. Since 1951 the number of elderly people has risen by 2½ million. In the next 10 years the number of very old people who use the health and domiciliary services most will increase by half a million. Simply to maintain our present standards of health care for the elderly will mean increasing health resources by an extra 1 per cent a year. No one who knows anything about our present standards of geriatric care could pretend they are more than minimal.

Last year's Social Security (Pensions) Act should gradually begin to lift more pensioners off supplementary pensions after 1978. It is a scheme which even the Conservatives have now broadly accepted, but to pay for it will mean devoting another 3 per cent of personal consumption over the next 40 years to raise the incomes of the elderly.

Nor is it true that Britain is in any way exceptional in the priority it gives to its welfare state. As several recently published international surveys show, all Western societies have been devoting a rising share of their national incomes to welfare provision both in cash and kind. Very similar trends are evident in Eastern Europe too. The societal changes are very similar and have produced similar responses. As the elderly population increases relative to the working population, so societies devote more resources to social security and to publicly financed health care. What makes Britain unusual is not that we have done the same, but that we now devote a smaller share of our incomes to these ends than most European countries, even though we have a higher proportion of old people than most. A recent PEP survey concluded:

> Britain is also currently devoting less of her total wealth to social security, health, and welfare provisions than any of the Continental countries in the EEC, and in a number of cases quite significantly less. To make up Britain's levels to those in Germany, the Netherlands and Denmark would mean increasing overall expenditures by more than is currently spent on the whole of the National Health Service and on supplementary benefits.
> (*Social Security in the European Community*)

Another much wider survey of social security throughout the world conducted by the US Social Security Administration points out that as a community Britain raises less tax for social security purposes than most other countries, and as a consequence gives pensioners and the sick and disabled less in comparison to the average earner than most of the countries they examined.

Even in the case of education, where the share of national spending has risen significantly since 1960, it is an increase matched by most other industrial societies, leaving us still mid way down that league table. When it comes to comparing the length of post-school training young people receive, Britain falls sharply to near the bottom of any of the international league tables. Taking those younger people in the labour force aged between 25 and 34, among whom are the beneficiaries of the 1960s 'boom' in higher education, we find that the *average* years of higher education they possess – 0.4 years – is lower than in many European countries or in North America or, more surprisingly, in Japan.

Even the United States of America that we think of as the most individualistic of Western nations has been increasing the share of its income that it devotes to social services – notably to health care programmes like Medicare and Medicaid, social security and education. Over the two decades from 1950 the US expenditure on social welfare expanded at twice the British rate. At the official rate of exchange, Americans now spend more on social services than we do.

In short, compared with countries at similar stages of industrial development, Britain is neither generous nor extravagant. That is not to say that certain services do not compare well both in coverage and efficiency. The supplementary benefit scheme compares well on both grounds with the confused patchwork of public assistance schemes that exist both in much of Europe and North America. The same still holds for our National Health Service but not for much longer if adequate funds are not made available.

A Thatcher Fallacy

The real functions of social service expenditure deserve to be stated positively. Mrs Thatcher says that those in industry are doing the 'real jobs'. Nurses and school teachers and doctors please take note. She believes wealth is created in the market sector and siphoned off by the public services. This is a simple fallacy which combines several elementary errors. For all families and individuals the main effect of the social services is to spread the burdens of dependency more evenly throughout their lifetime. These services enable individuals to survive the burdens of sickness and the heavy cost of schooling, child bearing and setting up house as well as the interruptions of earnings through illness, unemployment, widowhood and old age. All workers, whether they are caring for the sick or working on the blast furnaces, pay taxes and contributions and benefit by shifting their incomes through time. To some extent they are also helping to bear the larger burdens of the poorest and the sick, but as the Central Statistical Office's figures show, only to a limited degree.

Secondly, the manufacture of objects by industry has no value in itself. It is only if people wish to buy them that they add to the country's wealth. That proposition is not altered if we prefer services to goods or if we seek to buy education or health care, as a community rather than as individuals. It is true that in the form we now calculate such items in the national income accounts we assess their value in terms of their inputs – doctors' and nurses' salaries, equipment etc. That means that if the hospitals treat more patients for the same cost no increase in *output* shows in

Table 1

	Percentages			
	1951	1961	1971	1974
Public expenditure on goods and services as a percentage of GNP	28.7	26.3	30.6	32.4
of which social services	(9.9)	(9.5)	(12.4)	(14.6)
Current grants to personal sector as a percentage of personal income (e.g. pensions)	6.0	7.5	10.0	10.5
Other public transfers expressed as a percentage of GNP (e.g. subsidies, lending, interest)	10.7	9.0	9.3	13.3
of which social services	(0.8)	(1.2)	(1.3)	(2.8)

Source: Social Trends 1975 and National Income Blue Books

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national accounts. Whereas if they had been fee-paying patients in a private hospital it would have done. In the same way, if parents put a higher value on the education their children receive than they used to, the output of the education system has in fact risen even if it costs no more. But it is only inputs or costs that are reflected in the GNP, not the value of the outputs.

Public Preferences

In short, the social services cannot increase the 'growth rate', not because they are incapable of treating more patients or producing more or more highly valued services, but because of our statistical conventions. The larger the share of final expenditure that is accounted for by public services, the less relevant GNP growth has to any measure of individuals' welfare. I can illustrate the point another way by asking 'How have people spent the extra money they have had in their pockets since 1970?' The largest proportionate increases in consumers' real spending since then have been on alcohol, radio and electrical goods and cars. One interpretation is that what the British public desire above all else is to sink into an alcoholic stupor in front of their TVs. On the other hand it is at least as plausible to assume that the rise in public spending on the social services does in fact reflect a genuine set of preferences on the part of the voting public.

Maybe they do actually want to spend their marginal extra pounds on their children and their old people. There is survey data to suggest that this interpretation may be correct. If most of the extra money jingling in people's pockets as the result of cutting social spending were to be spent on Japanese electrical goods, foreign cars and imported alcohol, as seems probable, the balance of payments will not improve. Since most social services are so labour intensive, public spending on them is not expensive in import terms, nor incidentally do they consume many raw materials.

The so called 'productive' sector is increasingly imposing burdens on both individuals and those who seek to serve them. More manufactured motorcars bring more road accidents; dietary changes, over eating, the products of the tobacco industry, the increased mental stress of work, all put rising burdens on the health service. The greater participation in the labour force by mothers of young children may help raise production, but it puts greater burdens on the day nursery and child-minding services. Indeed a prerequisite to greater production might be improved day-care facilities. An increasingly complex and rapidly changing society may produce more but it means that increasing efforts have to be devoted to raising the average levels of attainment in the population and to picking up the pieces when more people fail to cope with its demands.

At bottom, of course, the complaints are about the level of taxation. Yet, as an all-party House of Commons committee pointed out recently, compared with other countries the overall proportion of incomes that the British pay in tax is not high, but the burden does tend to fall unfairly and in the most painful of ways. We may not have high taxes but we do have a 'high profile' tax structure. Rates, which are the only local tax available to finance the social services, are so administered that they cause the maximum impact, thumping through owner-occupiers' letter boxes in fearsome annual lumps, even though they can be paid in smaller parts.

In fact rates form a very small part of the holders' weekly or monthly income. In 1973 they formed only 2.7 per cent of the median household income. (*Economic Trends*, December 1974). In the same way British governments in the past favoured extracting social security contributions from the employees' pay packet rather than from the employer's payroll, though this has changed under recent legislation. In the end the employee pays either way, but our system has ensured that it hurts. The far higher burden that falls on employers in other countries can be seen from Table 2. The same can be said about the way that we arrange the income tax structure to hit the lower paid good and hard by imposing a very low threshold at which families begin to pay tax.

Without denying that there are problems in financing public expenditure, the level of the borrowig requirement and of overall demand in the late 1970s, socialists must understand what is at stake in the cuts, and especially in cutting social service spending. I have argued that compared with other countries we devote relatively little of our social income to these purposes. The faster productivity and earnings rise in the manufacturing or non-social service sector the greater need there is for social service spending to rise not only absolutely, but as a share of the nation's income if benefits and service sector incomes are to keep pace. In any case, on demographic grounds alone, the share of income devoted to social security, health and the personal social services must rise if standards are not actually to fall.

Table 2

Total payroll tax rates for social security provisions, 1973

Percentages

	Employee	Employer	Total
Austria	13.40	21.40	34.80
Belgium	10.40	29.45	39.85
Canada	4.70	5.30	10.00
Federal Germany	14.35	16.85	31.20
France	6.64	32.51	39.15
Italy	7.05	47.11	54.16
Japan	7.35	10.24	17.59
Netherlands	24.00	27.40	51.40
Norway	9.20	16.70	25.90
Spain	10.05	60.77	70.82
Sweden	9.65	14.05	23.70
Switzerland	6.75	17.57	24.32
United Kingdom*	6.57	6.89	13.46
United States	5.85	8.75	14.60

* average earner

US Social Security Bulletin, December 1975

Unchanging Percentage

In total, social service expenditure, as I have defined it, constitutes only about half of total public expenditure, a proportion that has not changed very much since the turn of the century. Thus *if* public spending overall is reaching the bounds of electoral toleration, it ought to be primarily in this other half of the total that the savings come, not merely because of the positive case that can be made out for social service spending but because of the relatively weak case there is for much of the other spending.

In just over 20 years from 1953-74 the cost of state support to nationalised industry, including employment services, has risen fourfold in *real* terms. In the new White Paper, it remains above 1970 levels. Defence spending has been reduced comparatively little. In volume terms it remains unchanged in the next five years. Food subsidies and agricultural support have become costly items recently. Transport subsidies have grown. Both will now fall back. It is difficult to see that the social benefits from much of this spending really justified its scale. The impact on business decisions or the cost of living index seem tiny by comparison. At least the social services are subject to political control and public scrutiny. Cash aid to the market sector gives us the worst of both worlds, neither social control nor efficient resource allocation.

It is certainly true, as John Vaizey said in the NS two weeks ago, that money spent on the social services does not all necessarily go to help the poor, but compared to the overall differences in income or even more in wealth, the inequalities of access and treatment within the social service sector seem almost trivial. The overwhelming proportion of social security benefits go to the poor. Once a child leaves school he will never be treated so equally again until he is seriously ill! Socialism is about socia provision. The case must be made.

Make a habit of the NEW STATESMAN

Get your NEW STATESMAN every week the easy way – the reliable way. Have it delivered every Friday morning by your local newsagent and take advantage of the world's best news and periodical delivery service.

Complete the form below and pass it to your newsagent. He will do the rest, and you will get your NEW STATESMAN regularly.

To ..... (newsagent)

Please deliver a copy of the NEW STATESMAN every Friday to

Name .....

Address .....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Wilby

What Price Foreign Students?

When discriminatory fees for overseas students studying in British higher education were introduced nine years ago, our collective liberal conscience was outraged. Several universities, including Oxford, defied the Government by refusing to implement the new fees; over 70 Labour MPs put down a censure motion in the Commons; vice-chancellors orchestrated student demonstrations; the Radical Students' Alliance, the grandfather of student militancy, was born.

It is a measure of our lowered horizons, of our declining expectations of ourselves as a nation and of our Labour governments that the latest proposals – for overseas students' fees to be at least doubled, and even raised five times to meet 'the full economic cost' of the courses – are being greeted with resignation, if not positive enthusiasm. In our national obsession with cutting expenditure, we discover that, like the Christmas cards to distant cousins, here is another item on which we can save a few pence and quietly congratulate ourselves on our prudent housekeeping. Lord Caradon found the right phrase for it in a House of Lords debate last month: 'suburban parochialism'.

True, the final decision has still to be made but the xenophobic noises coming from Whitehall are plain enough, and faithfully echoed by those legions of once-liberal academics whom the Government has absorbed as advisers. This is a time for tough, populist, look-after-Number-One thinking, not for beating your breast in the senior common room. Last week's expenditure White Paper shows that higher education is to be starved of funds over the next five years and there will be no room for generous gestures. Bradford, the lone survivor of the 1967 revolt, is on the point of falling into line on discriminatory fees. The Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals has produced a tortured 'interim report' on fees that comes perilously close to saying to the Government: if you let us have the savings, you can put the fees up and we won't cause you any trouble. What, in any case, mattered to the universities in 1967 was the Government's failure to consult them on a matter that they regarded as central to their autonomy. This time, consultation has been painstaking and a change of principle is not involved.

With the exception of the Republic of Ireland, we are the only country in the Common Market that discriminates against overseas students. Next year, their fees in universities and polytechnics will already be £416 a year. In Germany and Denmark, they can study for nothing, in France, for £15, in the Netherlands for £90.

The present discriminatory structure can, perhaps, be defended. We have some of the best higher education provision in the world to offer (in quality, not quantity) and, since it is so much in demand, we can charge more than our competitors. The 1967 rise led to a 20-per-cent drop, the following year, in overseas applications. Since then, we have made up lost ground and applications are substantially higher than they were a decade ago. But there comes a point, as every businessman knows, where you price yourself out of the market. Is that what we want to achieve?

It is likely that the taxpayers' 'subsidy' of around £100m. to overseas students is almost wholly offset by the foreign exchange they bring, immediately and directly, to this country. That includes their living expenses (also in many cases, dependants'), their expenditure on books and equipment, their fares to and from this country using British transport, their exam fees, and their preparations for study, such as fees for commercial language schools, private crammers and correspondence colleges offering tuition for matriculation.

The longer-term benefits to Britain are probably more important. The majority of overseas students in British universities are postgraduates – married, with children, professionally experienced, possibly on the point of taking up a senior post in industry or the public service. One would have thought that, after spending a couple of years in a dank basement flat in Finsbury Park, they would return home resolved to have nothing to do with this country ever again. Yet the then Board of Trade assured us in 1969 that this was not so. If nothing else, the greater familiarity with the language accruing from residence in this country is likely to lubricate trade contacts. In trade terms, the overseas student is one of Britain's 'loss leaders'. Like Concorde, except that the students seem to be a far more down-to-earth kind of investment. If we are to decide that this form of national public relations has an inadequate return, there is surely a case for applying similar criteria to the British Council, the overseas activities of the Central Office of Information and our whole elaborate structure of overseas trade and diplomatic missions.

The Central Policy Review Office, is, in fact, embarking on such an exercise. But it does not, apparently, include overseas students, and this is the heart of the matter. It is quite absurd that decisions about overseas students, fundamental to our external relations policies, should be left largely to the Department of Education, beleaguered by a reduced budget and blundering into crude cost reductions without the faintest idea of the likely future demand from overseas for British courses, of the nature of that demand and of the benefits to the nation of meeting it. It is still more ridiculous that important decisions on overseas students are being taken by local education authorities. Leaving Inner London to decide that the number of overseas students in the capital should be more than halved is as fatuous as leaving Cumbria to decide that we should call off the Cod War.

The whole question of overseas students properly belongs with the Foreign Office, and particularly with the Overseas Development Ministry. Despite press publicity about the daughters of oil-rich sheikhs (whose goodwill is a useful side-product, anyway), only 13 per cent of our overseas students are from Opec countries. It is hard to think of a more effective form of development aid than equipping young men and women with the skills in engineering, technology and business that most of them come to acquire.

It is hard, too, to think of a form of aid that more closely corresponds to enlightened self-interest. There is no evidence that the presence of foreign students denies places to home students. On the contrary, many of them keep open courses that would otherwise be closed (with the consequent waste of capital investment) and thus widen the choice for British students. And, of course, foreign students enrich the cultural life of universities and polytechnics.

Three-quarters of our overseas students rely on private sources for financial support. If the fees were increased to £2,000, most of them would not be able to afford to study here. The overseas student body would be dominated by the children of rich Americans and Persians and by the nominees of frequently autocratic foreign governments. There may well be a case for an individual means test (though those who would be penalised by it might be those we most want to influence) but there is none at all for identifying some countries as more deserving than others.

British education and cultural standards used to be something that we were proud to export. Now, for the sake of a little short-term budgetary relief, we are in danger of sacrificing one of our few remaining sources of influence and prestige overseas. Most countries are anxious to welcome potentially influential visitors, as any journalist or MP who has enjoyed free trips abroad well knows. 'An underdeveloped country like us can't afford it,' a Labour MP was telling me the other day. Oh, yes, very funny – and a good line for the hustings in Wigan. There is nothing so mean, introverted and myopic as a Labour government in one of its periodic fits of cheap popularity-seeking.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ Gore Vidal, whom I met for breakfast on Wednesday morning, just as the New Hampshire results were coming through, remains totally convinced that Teddy Kennedy intends ultimately to get into this year's Presidential race. He's clearly not alone in that view. How else, after all, to explain the spate of 'leaks' that we're continuing to get about President Kennedy's love life? Vidal was pretty confident that there must be a political motivation behind it somewhere. But where from? He didn't believe it could be the Republicans. After all, if Teddy ever did become the candidate, all they have to do is produce one of those 30-second political 'spots' showing the nuclear button and alternating a doom-laden commentary ('With this button an American President can destroy one third of the globe') with a cut to Teddy saying (as he did in his post-Chappaquiddick broadcast) 'And then I panicked'. Even 'Gerry the Jerk' should be able to win on that. So who else could have an interest in keeping Teddy out of the race? Presumably only one of the other potential Democratic candidates. But which one? Vidal had an interesting theory about that. In American politics, he maintains, it's the Right that always goes for sexual smears while the Left is much more obsessed by financial corruption. Surveying the present field, he thought that the finger could point only at the big business supporters of 'Scoop' Jackson – who still looks likely to arrive at the Convention with more votes than anyone else.

☐ Joan Lestor's resignation from the Education Ministry last week had, I gather, a touching personal background attached to it. Last Friday, the day after the publication of the Public Expenditure White Paper, she was due by long arrangement to meet the Education Correspondents' Group for lunch. Conscientiously she sat down in the morning to work through the White Paper in order to see what she could say in defence of it – and in particular in alleviation of its impact on the education budget for 1978/9. It's not an easy document to read and the clock ticked remorselessly on: finally Joan Lestor took her decision. Why should she force herself to defend the indefensible? The education correspondents had a surprisingly frank and candid lunch. And the next morning, after a phone call to her constituency party secretary and a vain intercession from the Secretary of State, Fred Mulley, Joan Lestor sat down once again and resolutely wrote her letter of resignation to the Prime Minister.

☐ Despite his press statement on Tuesday, cheekily blaming everything on the newspapers, there remains a good deal of apprehension in the Temple over what Mr Justice Melford Stevenson may get up to next. Having held his press conference last Friday, he followed it up with various chats to reporters on Saturday, cooperated in a number of 'photo-calls' (including one in which he obligingly hung over his garden gate so that the name 'Truncheons' could appear as a kind of caption) and finally on Sunday took to the air-waves in order to participate in George Gale's LBC phone-in. The judge seems to believe that he is the victim of some sinister conspiracy (presumably orchestrated by Mr Dick Thompson, the exceptionally mild-mannered Registrar of Appeals) all because he happened to be rebuked in the Appeal Court three times in one day. When any judge gets into that sort of frame of mind I can well understand why the Bar begins to get a bit edgy. But when it happens to be a judge whose next major case is all too likely to be *R.* v. *Stonehouse and Another*, shouldn't someone act to deflect the very real danger of 'deep answering unto deep'?

☐ While on the law, I hear that W. H. Smith were determined to 'fight all the way' in the Liverpool proceedings against Dr Alex Comfort's book *The Joy of Sex*. It was a magistrate's summons calling on them to show cause why 70 copies of it, seized last year by the police, should not be destroyed; and their solicitor, Michael Rubinstein, was busily assembling the witnesses who would have told the magistrate (there could be no jury trial) about its social and therapeutic and conjugal values. While all this was going on, the DPP's representative in the *Inside Linda Lovelace* trial at the Old Bailey mentioned in open court, by way of showing how broadminded the DPP had now become, that even *The Joy of Sex* was not the kind of book he considered to be obscene. Consternation in Liverpool? No doubt Mr Rubinstein would have had that providential witness there on subpoena – 'Will you now tell the magistrate what you said about this book at the Old Bailey during the hearing of another case?' But on 16 February the deputy prosecuting solicitor for Merseyside persuaded the magistrate to permit the withdrawal of the summons, and the 70 copies of *The Joy of Sex*, if they are not already back in WHS shops, can be regarded as on their way. Among all the recent talk about confusion and bewilderment along the boundary separating police and publishers, nothing has equalled this for evidence of conflict right inside the camp of the DPP himself.

☐ The death last month of Tom Harrisson and his wife in a car crash at Bangkok must have seemed to most of us a pointless and miserable end to a half-finished career of such fantastic energy and interest. He had just finished what he called 'a first solid book out of the Mass Observation Archive', a reference to the huge assortment of social survey data assembled from 1934 onwards by Tom and his 'field-workers' and housed today at Sussex University. I hear that his book, due out in June from Collins, is entitled *Living Through the Blitz*; and in a recent letter he called it 'the hardest job I *ever* tackled' but 'the best thing we have done yet – not so hasty or superficial as before'. He was actually collecting material for a Mass Observation book about royalty, in which an introductory part would have been played by Kingsley Martin's lifelong preoccupation (puzzling to Tom) with 'the magic of monarchy'. A memorial meeting, chaired by Asa Briggs, is to be held at the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, at 12 noon on Wednesday 17 March.

☐ I suppose that the line in the *Sunday Times* profile about Christopher Driver displaying on his door-post the notice 'This is a non-smoking house: put it out' should have served as an advance warning; but I was still a little taken aback by the evangelical zeal with which this year's *Good Food Guide* (Consumers' Association & Hodder & Stoughton, £3.50) embraces the anti-smoking campaign. For the first time there is a roll of honour of restaurants which 'make some effort to control smoking in the dining room, and in a few cases ban it completely'. It's not, in fact, a very long list – and the reason, I would have thought, is obvious. A restaurant, inn or hotel that has both a bar (for drinks) and a lounge (for coffee) can perfectly properly insist – as most London clubs already do – on separating tobacco from food: but the average restaurant with only sufficient floor-space for tables for its customers is a rather different case. Most of the ones that I know would have a riot on their hands if they tried to enforce even a 'not before 2 p.m.' rule.

☐ I always thought that the Catholic Church had a rather good record on lepers until I read the remarks of Mr J. R. Kirwan, the Principal of Plater College, Oxford. Justifying his ban on the Oxford Students' Gay Society, who were to have addressed the Plater College students, Mr Kirwan said: 'It is not the business of a Catholic college to provide a platform for these people. I don't invite lepers to come and expose their sores. Why should I give a platform to these people to use to expose their nastiness?' Since when have lepers been a by-word for loathsomeness to Rome? I ask quite innocently, and without wishing in any way to exacerbate the ill-feeling aroused by my reference last week to the number of Catholic Labour whips, which I understand is to earn me a crushing rebuke in the *Universe*. After which, I suppose, I shall be considered something of a leper myself.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Although many people know Bishop Worlock as a patient and careful administrator and committee man, his natural quiet and shy manner hides a gentle and ironic sense of humour. Last year at the National Conference of Priests meeting he is reported to have played a practical joke on a dissentient priest and poured a pint of beer over him. – *Catholic Herald* (T. Gerard)

☐ Miss Swift had said that she and Mr Tilley loved each other and that she therefore saw nothing wrong in sexual intercourse before an audience considering the £1,000 a week to be paid. – *Observer* (C. M. Lifetree)

☐ Ballerina needs Nanny, bright Belgravia house, own room, resident housekeeper kept. Telephone, ask for advertiser and ignore Spanish housekeeper's dreadful English. – Personal ad in *The Times* (D. W. Wright)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Morgan

Wales for Ever?

By defeating Ireland in Dublin on Saturday by the remarkable score of 34 points to nine, Wales did more than win the Triple Crown: they cast doubt on the little-known First Law of Economico-Kinaesthetic Theory. This law on which I have been working for some years – there are other students in the field – held that there was a direct relationship between the gross national product, output in the coalfield, and especially the anthracite mines, levels of unemployment, beer consumption and the success or otherwise of our rugby team.

Thus, one held, the previous 'golden era' of Wales's success in the early years of the century coincided with an industrial boom. In the Twenties and Thirties success came seldom. Moreover the style of play degenerated from the brilliant elegance of the former period, held to have been the best rugby played until the present Welsh side began to run, into a dour, mindless form, reminiscent one supposes of the present Scottish style. Similarly there was a bad patch at the end of the Fifties.

What of all this now, I brooded on the banks of the Liffey and in a confusing number of bars, as the team carry all before them, having scored 14 tries against one – and that dubious – already this season? How could the economy be much worse than now? At which, of course, the flaw in the original statement of the law becomes at once apparent. It lies in its failure to recognise the element of relativity in performance. Thus, if the Welsh economy is faltering, then the Irish is grinding to a halt. In the light of this discovery, then equally clearly the evidence of earlier epochs needs to be re-examined, when it could well be that the whole theory may be seen as a load of nonsense.

This would be a pity since alternative explanations of Welsh superiority are not intellectually graceful or especially elevated. There is the master-race theory. In relation to the Irish match, the view of a representative group of *Irish Times* intelligentsia gathered in Bowes's Bar, was that the men who select the Irish team are bone-headed, not to say, snobbish, so why should Wales not win? Mr Henry Kelly of that paper developed a theory, which I could not follow, that it was all to do with the coal-mines and seeing in the dark with colliers' lamps. This also accounted for the sex life of the Welsh. To which the only response is to wonder why the wit of the Irish is not reflected in their team's style of play which, generally speaking, consists of putting the head down and rushing up and down the grass, tormented the meantime by small Welshmen like Gareth Edwards, Phil Bennett and Gerald Davies.

A rugby player in the company suggested, over-timidly, that it could be that it was all to do with the Welsh team having had the advice for years of the two best coaches the game has known, Carwyn James and John Dawes, and with them training in a more intelligent and efficient manner than other teams, which is why it becomes a memorable event if anyone ever drops a pass. No one seemed too interested in this explanation. And then, inevitably, how it was all to do with the 'heightened sense of national consciousness'.

This is the fashionable and 'romantic' view but I think it sad if it is to replace a discredited First Law. In other walks of life the theory has force; much of the demand for devolution springs from it. The striking developments in the past quarter century in music, in publishing, in the theatre, in the efforts to preserve the Welsh language have contributed to and are the consequence of that 'consciousness'. Its flaw, in turn, is that no one, to my knowledge, having talked to a wide range of men who have played for Wales in the past 70 years – we are not lazy about our research – ever lacked that sense. Yet they often played badly and often tediously and they often lost.

There is, though, one way this, to my mind false, 'romantic' view can be put to good use in the Research Institute in a study, not of the team, but of its millions of supporters and admirers. Here, I feel, we are on the point of a break-through in analysis, arriving – who knows? – at a new formulation. How are the Welsh, nurtured on the warm bitterness of failure, going to confront the prospect of infinite success? There are a few unhopeful signals. For example, my expatriate friend Alan Watkins expressed the hope, as I set off for Dublin, that Wales might lose. (I hope I will be present when he expresses that view in the Cross Inn in his native Ammanford one day.) His point was a serious one, even if expressed in the safety of London. There is a comfort in melancholy; success is more difficult to live with than failure; original sin has to be atoned for indefinitely: and similar old saws.

Equally there are hopeful signals. This season Wales have defeated Australia, England, Scotland and Ireland, scoring 111 points. They have France, the only other team in their class, to play at Cardiff. This is already a phenomenal performance. You would, therefore, suppose that the supporters are delighted beyond belief. In any earlier period such would have been the case, but not now. Victory nowadays is regarded as inevitable, even natural. What matters is the quality of the play – which is the significance of the term 'Kinaesthetic' in the formulation of the First Law, as if you hadn't noticed.

For ten minutes in the second-half of the match in Dublin the team played rugby of a quality, in its elegance, imagination and perfection, which I doubt has ever been seen before. The moves which led to the tries by Edwards, Davies and Bennett and the extraordinary conversion of each by Bennett, the outside-half, was, even by the standards of those three, incomparable. The Irish crowd, who had so ferociously shouted their team on to play far better than anyone expected, stood and cheered the Welsh team.

At which, afterwards, one's compatriots were asking why they didn't play like that all the time? Why just for ten minutes only? There are signs that a tendency is beginning to forget that there actually is another team on the field. And if one responds that this is the fifth time one has come to Dublin to see a fancied Welsh team win, and seen the first victory, a small, polite but unconvinced surprise is expressed. Is arrogance the word for this? There is room for a Second Law.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Only a Suggestion

Posterity, which may have it in for us for our completely irresponsible squandering of oil and petrol (and when they run out, what else is going to be able to heave aeroplanes into the air in such vast numbers?), may well bless us in other, rather minor, ways. If posterity ever gets its hands on the suggestion books of a famous London club it will find there a record of gluttony, privilege, arrogance, selfishness and bad temper that will set future historians ferreting about for accounts of revolutions and uprisings that miraculously never occurred. One such book happens to have come my way – no names, no pack drill: and no requests for resignation either.

The suggestions are enormously varied. We range from a request to the librarian for regular deliveries of the *Calcutta Daily News* and the *Allahabad Pioneer,* and a demand that all drinking water should be passed through a Pasteur filter (on the way *in,* that is), to a request that Bengalese hash be served at luncheon, which excitingly sparks off greedy screams for Hungarian goulash, Austrian paprika chicken, Vienna steaks, and a large wall map of the Balkans to be hung in the hall (1912, and not a moment too soon).

Sometimes the pace quickens and we hardly know where we are: more 'cigar rests' in the lavatories, an extra curry cook, all newspapers to be ironed and then the pages sewn together along the fold, stronger lemon in the barley water, noisy tea-drinkers to be 'spoken to', cancel the *Journal Amusant* ('objectionable matter and offensive illustrations'), penholders to be washed daily, the 'entirely unsuccessful portrait of the late Prime Minister' to be removed, the wind indicator to be repaired, more interesting fruit ('Why no nectarines?'), patriotism ('*Must* we buy foreign cigar-cutters?'), 'our absurdly small wine list contains only 23 choices of champagne', and in 1914 a request for the NEW STATES-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAN ('It has much valuable information').

Two subjects are commented on repeatedly and at great length and are found to be especially agitating: ventilation and fish. Should the morning room windows be opened for ten minutes every hour (*'not* during cold weather' pleads a wobbly fist) to expel 'exhausted air'? Will the new ventilators in the coffee room put paid to disagreeable smells from the drains or merely chill the food? Why not these new-fangled electric fans everywhere? Can gentlemen flap handfans and remain manly? How injurious are draughts? Is a violent rush of wind through the hall desirable when ladies, even though rarely, are present? Should they be warned to expect it ('ware wind!')? Could rooms be safely ventilated at night and windows thrown open in 1917 or would the merest chink of light cause Count Zeppelin himself, hovering above, instantly to flatten the building with one of his devilish 50-pounders?

Fish, being food, is even more passionately discussed. We start with a *poissoniste* putting forward a strong argument for 'a daily choice of the only possible fish, by which I mean turbot, sole or plaice and *not* mackerel or herrings'. Nobody dreams of sullying the pages with the word 'cod'. 'Can't we have more red mullet?' slobbers a red mullet-lover. But not too much of it ('Red mullet *again*', we read). We mark time with an argument on the desirability or otherwise of bloaters, with a wistful sideways glance at sprats, scallops and smelts and, of all things, a demand for *bouillabaisse* (for those with no French, say it boo-ee-yah-base). And then, and the *shame* of it, a page torn out and a stern comment: 'The committee regret that there is a member of the club who requires to be reminded that this book is not to be used for anonymous or objectionable remarks.' Red mullet once more, who can doubt it?

Not all, unfortunately, is merry and some of the entries, even across so many years, sicken one. The club's closing hour (2 a.m.) seems inhuman, and prompt service was insisted on. 'Sandwiches should not take *ten minutes* to prepare at 11.30 in the evening' – and this from kind Robert Ross, with not even the excuse of Oscar (dead by now) keeping him up late. On Poppy Day there had been 'unseemly conduct by flag-sellers, so let them remain *outside* the vestibule' and *in the cold. 'I hope that the closing of* the club for Christmas may not be taken as a precedent' and that the 100 servants involved should not enjoy themselves too. And perhaps the most depressing of all, a request that the police should not allow out-of-work ex-servicemen, trying to earn a bob or two by playing musical instruments in the streets, to 'plant themselves in Pall Mall' – 'hideous cacophony of unmusical sounds' etc. etc.

Very occasionally the outline of a complete life presents itself. One turns a page and an aroma of strong waters from the past is almost sniffable. And there, amid some brownish stains and in a handwriting that would score 0 out of 10 even in a kindergarten, we find our subject's first entry. '24 March. I do not like the brandy served in the club.' Silence for a day, while he tests it again to make quite quite sure, and then (0 out of 10 for spelling, too), '26 March. Formely we head some good brandies supplied but not like the prescent.' Six weeks go by (Out of town? In a home?) and then he strikes again. '10 May. I do not like the brandies served here.'

We think we have lost him, but no. Five months later and back he comes. 'Why not a change of brandy?' And then, surprisingly, he branches out. 'There is a lack of want of suppervision here of many things' and 'Can nothing be done to catch the flies in the rooms?' No, nor the flying pink elephants either. Five days later there is, and here he shows his finer side, a reference to the nutritional value of Jerusalem artichokes, but then alas it's back to the old theme with a last despairing plea in a forest of blots through which one can just make out the magic word. And that is that.

But no, not quite. Three long years pass and then suddenly – it is springtime – he pops up again. Only a few words. '19 April. Why not more tasty pastries?' Not a whiff of brandy. No smudges. Handwriting firm. Spelling quite faultless. Just a suggestion for wholesome and appetising food. This member at least has slain the demon drink and been finally purified. Reformed, in fact.

Letters to the Editor

Is This Socialism?

Sir, It is depressing that the president of the Liverpool Labour Party (Letters 20 February) should be so ill-informed about modern history, including socialist history, no less than about economics.

It is a verifiable fact that Hungary under Admiral Horthy and Rumania under Antonescu, repressed though they undoubtedly were, were far freer than they are today under what Mr Wareing euphemistically calls 'planned economies' and most of us would call communist dictatorship imposed from Moscow. There was a wide variety of press, they had legal social-democratic parties affiliated, together with Mr Wareing's party, to the Labour and Socialist International. People were not obliged to follow any party line in art, science or economics; they had the inestimable privilege of leaving the country if they so desired.

Under Batista – with all that can properly be held against him – there was a free trade union movement, and, incidentally, the Communist Party was legal. Under Chiang Kai-shek, in the midst of war against Japan and communist insurrection, there was still far less unfreedom than in Communist China today. Anyone, by the way, who can call the economic chaos produced in Cuba by Castro a planned economy must have a good sense of humour.

I shall not argue with Mr Wareing about whether it is socialism or what he calls 'laissez-faire capitalism' (60 per cent state disposed and tight controls over the rest) which has caused the regression of the post-war period. Surely he knows that Marx saw capitalism as the great harbinger of social and economic progress, eventually to be superseded in his scheme but none the less meritorious for that. Mr Wareing might stop to think how far the combination of ill-digested Marxism and narrow-minded opposition to change which combined to form Merseyside militancy are responsible for keeping domestic and foreign investment alike out of the area.

The destructive character of the attitudes which Mr Wareing rationalises in the name of socialism is epitomised by his claim that 'we cannot be proud' of Britain's past. Anyone who cannot find cause for pride in what progress – technical, scientific, social – mankind in general and this nation in particular have made over the centuries can have little hope for the future. Perhaps Mr Wareing likes it that way; perhaps he values struggle for its own sake. But since he is president of one of the country's largest Labour Party organisations those in that party who consider themselves enlightened, democratic and constructive might well ask whom they are mixing with.

KEITH JOSEPH

House of Commons

Catholic Whips

Sir, No one would accuse Crucifer of 'seeing Papists under every bed' (London Diary 20 February) for drawing attention to the 'remarkable fact' that seven of the 15 Government Whips are now Roman Catholics. Nor would I or any of my colleagues say that he is being 'naïve or inconsistent' in coupling that hugely interesting revelation with the large vote in favour of reconstituting the Select Committee on James White's Abortion (Amendment) Bill.

However, as both Jock Stallard and myself (being the two recently appointed Government Whips) voted against reconstituting the Select Committee, would it be naïve or inconsistent of us to consider that Crucifer has once again followed the old journalistic maxim of never allowing the facts to ruin a good story?

PETER SNAPE

House of Commons

Sir, It was naughty of Crucifer to draw public attention to the fact that half the Labour whips are now Roman Catholics. He will be duly denounced for this. He might also have mentioned while he was at it that Robert Mellish, the Chief Whip, helped talk out Joseph Reeves's pioneering attempt to reform the abortion laws as long ago as 1953. So he has a long and notable anti-feminist record. In 1959 the Pope created him a Knight Commander of St George for his 'services to the Roman Catholic Church' – a well deserved honour in the circumstances.

Last year both the Labour Party and the TUC voted to preserve the 1967 Abortion Act. Despite this, a large number of Labour MPs allowed themselves to be shepherded into the anti-feminist lobby. Not least Mr Harold Wilson himself. Though as he has more Irish Catholic voters in Huyton than there are in many Irish constituencies, it would be unkind to criticise him on this account.

It is nice, therefore, to see that the new Archbishop of Westminster is quoted as saying that he is in favour of 'all freedoms'. If he really means that he is in favour of freedom for women as well as men, the effect should be startling. Until then, the Women's Movement had better start organising itself into becoming as tough and ruthless a political pressure group as the Roman Catholics have in recent years.

MADELEINE SIMMS

17 Dunstan Road
London NW11

Lucky Country

Sir, It is some time since I've come across an Englishman who made more felicitous use of Australian argot than Elizabethan Paul John-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son in 'The Lucky Country Comes Unstuck' (NS 20 February). His fluent use of 'bonzer', 'she's apples', 'bloody oath' inspired me to leaf through my 80-year-old copies of the *Bulletin*, where these words were first enshrined in Australian myth, though some of Johnson's usage would be news even to a swagman. I must however take issue with him when he claims that 'there are a great many clever people in Australia – time and again a visitor is reminded that they have inherited all the English creative and imaginative genius, plus something else besides . . .'

This is wrong on two counts. I cannot believe that Australians have pulled enough of their own wool over clever Paul Johnson's eyes to allow him to believe the first flattering statement. History and recent political events have demonstrated cleverness to be a quality which can only be claimed by the mother country. Secondly, as all students of Australian history know, at the turn of the century 90 per cent of Australians had some Irish or Scots blood; not to mention the Germans, Chinese, and many other races who arrived there a good century before Mr Johnson and whose descendants even now lay no claim to *English* cleverness.

CARMEN CALLIL

3 Cheyne Place
London SW3

Birmingham Smells Corruption

Sir, No one, and I repeat, no one has told me to 'keep my nose out of Birmingham City Council business' in relation to the proposed redevelopment of the main Post Office site.

If Denis MacShane (NS 20 February) had checked with me I could have told him that I have not discussed my concern over this proposal with any city councillor. Why have I not so discussed it? The answer is simple. My inquiries have related to the Post Office operating as a public corporation under the 1969 Post Office Act, and whatever else it may be, that is not a matter for local government.

My dossier is on the desks of the ministers dealing with both the Post Office and the Property Services Agency. I, and others, await with interest the outcome.

JEFF ROOKER

House of Commons

Film Books

Sir, Will you allow me to correct 'for the record' two points made by your reviewers (NS 13 February)?

(1) Mr George Melly writes that my criticism of Shirley Temple 'helped curtail the career, as a film critic, of Mr Graham Greene'. The libel case to which he refers came to court in March 1938 and I ceased to review films two years later in March 1940 owing to rather more serious events than a libel action by Miss Temple or the strictures of the Lord Chief Justice.

(2) Mr Rhode asks whether Harry Lime's charm in *The Third Man* 'derives from Korda'. All to Korda's honour the answer is 'no'. One of Korda's great qualities was to leave alone a director whom he trusted. I think Carol Reed will agree that Korda never interfered, even to the extent of a single script conference, in the two films we made for him together.

GRAHAM GREENE

130 Boulevard Malesherbes
Paris 17

Sir, In his review of Eric Rhode's new book *A History of Cinema* (NS 13 February) John Coleman – self-described as an 'embittered falcon' who makes 'small, ragged swoops' – claims that this book, which I am sure is admirable (if expensive for an ex-censor on retirement pension), is 'the first comprehensive attempt in English to test the theme . . . "that some insight might be gained by relating movies, and the people who make them to the culture of their society"'.

Is it 'the first comprehensive attempt'? I would think that a fair claim for this could be made for Paul Rotha's *The Film Till Now*, first published in 1930 and followed by many reprints; or, failing this, for Basil Wright's *The Long View* published in 1974. There have been at least a few books on this theme written in English by people who are 'literate', as I am sure Eric Rhode would agree, and as perhaps on reflection would the 'embittered falcon'.

JOHN TREVELYAN

8 Rockwells Gardens
London SE19

Power to the Persons

Sir, Elevating a guess into a fact in his customary manner, David Mitchell (Letters 13 February) accuses me of withholding hitherto unpublished papers from him 'for a very long time indeed'. As most of my friends know, I have come across the most important of these papers recently. For the rest, I possess no papers which he could not have consulted for himself years ago.

As David Mitchell seems to think that an argument about the Suffragettes can be won by quoting anti-Suffragette comments out of context, I suppose I had better point out that an equal number of quotations can be cited expressing the opposite point of view. He suggests, for instance, that Rebecca West had washed her hands of the Suffragettes by the time the arson campaign broke out. In fact, she was knocked about by the police in Parliament Square for wishing to protest against the Cat-and-Mouse Act which she regarded as a matter of life and death. 'For so it was,' she wrote in the *Clarion*, 'Mrs Pankhurst having been in prison (and on hunger-strike) for four days.' True, Bernard Shaw mocked the Suffragettes, but he also directed his fiercest invective on their behalf against the Government. Olive Schreiner, whom David Mitchell seems to approve of, wrote in 1913: 'I think Mrs Pankhurst one of the greatest and noblest women the English race has produced.'

There is, of course, a real argument about the Suffragette story but it cannot be resolved either by engaging in childish quotation games nor by falling back on the orthodox views of other writers. David Mitchell invokes in support of his views Halévy's account of the feminist revolt in *The Rule of Democracy*. But despite his distinction in other fields, when he turned to the women's story, Halévy, like others, seemed to lose his objectivity and imagination, and he in turn misled historians who followed. David Mitchell must surely know that Halévy's account, like those of the other writers in his list, is wildly inaccurate, even in his description of the first manifestation of militancy so-called. But historical accuracy is not David Mitchell's primary consideration which is why his tirade against Midge Mackenzie and Antonia Raeburn seemed as irrational as Asquith's objections to the feminine ballot.

JILL CRAIGIE

66 Pilgrims Lane
London NW3

The Name is Ffitch

Sir, What a cheeky fellow Tom Baistow is ('Express Departure', NS 20 February). Not content with perpetrating a number of errors of fact, to my personal knowledge, by listening to gossip, he then denies me my inalienable right to begin my surname with a capital letter!

He wrote: ' . . . George ffitch (the snidest allegation against whom was that his name originally boasted only one, upper case, "F") . . .' A man of Mr Baistow's integrity would obviously not give such an allegation currency unless he believed there was some truth in it, and that compounds the offence. For how would you like to be accused of living with a false 'f'? Why, every Tom, Dick or Harry would think he had the right to chant '"f" off, "f" off' every time one entered one's club, office or Labour Exchange.

No, Sir, it really won't do; you have no defence and the damages will be enormous. Still, you could always save on lawyers' fees by making Mr Baistow go round to Somerset House and take a squint at entry 230 of the West Ham Registrar of Births and Deaths dated 16 February 1929. On the way back Mr Baistow could reflect on the credence to be given to the other crud provided by the same source, or sources.

Always assuming, of course, he wasn't lynched by the Express chapel, rightly incensed by the insult that that was the snidest allegation they could invent!

GEORGE (watch it now, one large one small) FFITCH

7 St Mary Abbots Terrace
London W14

Girls' School Songs

Sir, Like Arthur Marshall (NS 20 February) I can't forget those long girls'-school corridors – and, gosh, that pong of lino, sweaty navy-blue knickers and lacrosse stick grease. But has it occurred to him all this is vanishing with the spread of co-education?

A minor art form is endangered, too – the girls' school song. For instance the girls of Pontefract and District High School used to sing:

> But one day we must leave it,
> And midst the world's stern strife,
> We'll know another teacher,
> The great headmistress, Life.

While girls at Whitchurch High School carolled:

> Sturdy of limb and quick of eye
> The hockey runners go . . .

I'm trying to collect up gems like these, together with the songs of women's colleges and other all-female institutions. Can any of your readers put me on the track of likely verses, whether religious, sporting or merely scholastic?

CELIA HADDON

9 Maunsel Street
London SW1

British Hospital for Vietnam

Sir, The British Hospital for Vietnam Committee has been formed to try to raise £800,000 to rebuild a hospital in Ky Anh. Previous hospitals were totally destroyed three times during wartime bombing. Hospital workers continued in underground trenches. Now the war is over, the hospital is above ground, housed in mud and thatch shelters.

In the aftermath of the war, there is a desperate need for medical treatment. People need fragmentation pellets removed from their bodies; skin grafts for napalm burns; artificial limbs. Many of the victims were children, including 30,000 who were deafened by the bombing and need speech therapy if they are ever to learn to speak. Children's artificial limbs need to be exchanged frequently as the children grow. There are also diseases resulting from unhealthy, overcrowded conditions in the underground bomb shelters. Liver cancer is being caused when chemicals from defoliants are absorbed by rice and fish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hospital committee is trying to raise money by many means, one of which is to be from the sale of *Phoenix Country* – a 128-page, large-format anthology of the best recent material relevant to Vietnam. Contributors, whose work has all been given free, include Vietnamese story writers, poets, artists and photographers; US veterans Tim O'Brien and John Kerry; Kurt Vonnegut, Pete Seeger, Nicholas Tomalin, John Sack, Ewan McColl, Adrian Mitchell, Robert Bly, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Ken Sprague, Philip Jones Griffiths, Marc Riboud and others.

The material for *Phoenix Country*, edited by Nigel Gray, is ready for setting. Unfortunately, the job cannot go ahead until the full production costs, amounting to £1,500, have been raised. May I ask your readers to help by sending a donation earmarked for *Phoenix Country*? If they would like to order a copy of the book, they should send a separate cheque for £2.00 plus 25p p&p.

KENNETH TOUT
General Secretary
The British Hospital for Vietnam
(Desk BK NS)
Moorhouse Road
London W2

Keeping Afloat

Sir, Crucifer (London Diary 13 February) draws attention to an article by Harry Henry in *Admap* which commented in detail on the supposed unprofitability of the colour magazines. It may surprise your readers to know that using *exactly Mr Henry's criteria* the *Observer* magazine has been independently profitable for several years and there are no foreseeable grounds whatsoever on which we would discontinue it. (The widely publicised difficulties with which we were dealing last summer were those of the newspaper and not the colour magazine.)

I cannot, of course, speak for our competitors.

ROGER HARRISON
General Manager
The Observer
London EC4

Torture of Workers in Spain

Sir, NEW STATESMAN readers will be relieved to hear that trade unionist Francisco Tellez (Letters 23 January) is now out of danger. Two weeks in a kidney machine does not mean, apparently, that he cannot fully recover and we hope that this proves true of all the injuries he suffered – some of them were quite obscenely sadistic according to subsequent reports. In a typical gesture of solidarity by fellow workers and neighbours in Badalona, 40,000 pesetas were donated in a morning although his bail was set at a mere 10,000 (£80). Perhaps fellow workers in this country would join our appeal to Sr Fraga (Interior Minister and ex-ambassador to London) that the Civil Guard officer and NCO responsible be themselves subject to due process of law for this outrage.

Of course we at Amnesty International understand that repressive reflexes conditioned during 40 years of ruthless dictatorship will tend to respond as ever: men who have become brutalised by the system remain brutalised. We also realise that many constitutional and legislative changes have to be discussed and effected before democratic standards of human rights can be established in law. The sooner they are established in *fact* the better, obviously, but meanwhile the Spanish government could make a positive start by repressing torturers – no new legislation is needed.

The theme of AI's current campaign on Spain is prompted by the disturbing tendency for the public outside Spain to believe that, now that the Franco dictatorship has ended, everything in the Spanish garden is going to be lovely, if it isn't already. When a leading political weekly (*Cambio 16*) can still be exposed to huge fines and/or suspension, if not imprisonment of its staff, merely for using the word dictatorship in reference to that regime, then we must be forgiven for doubting if the regime has indeed ended.

British workers will be going to Spain in their thousands again this year and may they enjoy that beautiful country and its fine people as never before. May they also go with their eyes open to the facts.

ALAN GROUNDS
Amnesty International
55 Theobald's Road, WC1

Public School Tribalism

Sir, I was, I am afraid, guilty of slighting Professor Honey's reference to Ong and Van Gennep in his contribution to *The Victorian Public School* (Letters, 20 February). He does indeed mention the parallel between public school education and tribal initiation rites; but he does not, in the words of my review, 'appear to realise that he is dealing with an institution so bizarre, so barbaric, and so powerfully expressive of the culture which spawned it, that it is more properly the material of the anthropologist than of the historian of education'. What I criticised in the book was its uncritical detachment in the face of an outrageous educational system which is still, unfortunately, flourishing.

As for doubting the status of King's, Worcester, as a public school, Professor Honey includes it in his table of '40 lesser public schools' where it joins such places as Christ's Hospital, the Perse School, Sedbergh, and Merchant Taylor's. I would have welcomed any slur on King's; and I was rather sad to discover that Professor Honey merely confirmed its place in what he calls 'the wider firmament of the public school system'.

Professor Honey jeers at me for including my own child's-eye view of what it meant to be a public schoolboy. Had *The Victorian Public School* made any real attempt to assess what these schools actually did – and do – to their pupils, my reminiscences would have been unnecessary. If Professor Honey thinks I have been unmanly in telling a few tales out of school, I can only say that a little more unmanliness would have done him and his fellow contributors to the book no harm. Ex-inmates usually talk about their public schools in a tone of self-deprecating jollity. Whining about the hurts which these small Gulags inflict may be unfashionable (especially now, when the places have the added stigma of class privilege), but sometimes there is more truth in a whimper than there is in either polished irony or cold academicism.

JONATHAN RABAN
80 Redcliffe Square
London SW10

Wrong Way Round

Sir, I trust it was a mere misprint that on p.193 (NS 13 February) made Robin Lane Fox describe the Peregrinus who burnt himself to death at the Olympic Games in 165 as 'the Cynic turned Christian'. He was, of course, a Christian turned Cynic, for reasons that I am currently trying to fathom.

L. A. HOLFORD-STREVENS
115 Kingston Road
Oxford

*The Politics and Strategy of the Second World War General Editors: Noble Frankland and Christopher Dowling of the Imperial War Museum

Iraq and Syria 1941
Geoffrey Warner £4.00
'An ideal case study with which to launch a new series . . . packed with a mixture of narrative and analysis . . . absorbing reading.' *The Economist*

Finland 1939-40
Anthony F Upton £3.50
'A well-documented and brilliantly told account.' *Royal United Services Institute Journal*

France and Belgium 1939-40
Brian Bond £3.75
'Admirably achieves . . . a cool dispassionate survey of the Allied debacle.' *Daily Telegraph*

dp **Davis-Poynter Ltd**
20 Garrick Street
London WC2E 9BJ

* 'An excellent series.' *Yorkshire Post*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & ARTS

Alan Ryan

Inside Knowledge

Vico and Herder: Two Studies in the History of Ideas by ISAIAH BERLIN *Hogarth Press* £6.00

As the long introduction to *Vico and Herder* makes clear, the history of ideas is an ambiguous sort of undertaking, a battleground on which historians and philosophers struggle to establish their property in the immortal dead. Philosophers complain that the historian's obsession with a text's social, political and intellectual environment, and with the intentions of its author in that setting, certainly enriches our knowledge of *what the author meant*, but tells us a good deal less about the meaning of what he wrote; historians retort that philosophers who assume the total transparency of the words before them end up by scrutinising their own ideas rather than those they (baselessly) impute to the distant dead. Of late, says Berlin, the historians have been making all the running, showing a concern for 'historical hermeneutics' not displayed by 'historically insensitive British thinkers in the past'. The current view is that the past is a different country, and we encounter its ideas only in imperfect translations.

One of the many pleasures of reading Isaiah Berlin's essays has always stemmed from the way he meets this argument – one feels that he is equally at home in the 17th century and the 20th, that he might step out of Wolfson College straight into the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, start an argument in All Souls' and finish it in Königsberg. The problems of historical 'translation' appear to cause him no more difficulty than the fluent linguist is caused by the decision to speak French in Paris and English in London. The point, of course, is that so far as he is concerned the justification of the history of ideas rests on the fact that important ideas *do* survive translation – or, if you like, it rests on the fact that the reader *can* learn the appropriate idiom, and argue in it:

> The importance of past philosophers in the end resides in the fact that the issues which they raised are live issues still (or again), and, as in this case, have not perished with the vanished societies of Naples or Königsberg or Weimar, in which they were conceived.

No one who knows anything of Isaiah Berlin's work will find his choice of the most important, 'time-defying' notions of Vico and Herder a surprising one; not because earlier versions of these essays have appeared elsewhere, rather because so much of his work has been concerned with half-a-dozen central problems, with which such thinkers as Herzen, Belinsky, Mill and Constant were also continuously concerned. And these problems don't only lend an obvious unity to Berlin's essays in the history of ideas; they are the matter of more conventionally 'philosophical' essays, like 'Two Concepts of Liberty' or 'Historical Inevitability'.

So, here, we are presented with seven crucial ideas, for which Vico is worth remembering: that human nature is not fixed and unalterable, but is constantly transformed throughout history; that we know what we have created better than anything merely external to us, hence that we can understand history from the 'inside'; that the Cartesians are therefore quite wrong to set up natural science as a paradigm of certain truth; that every society has its own style and character, reflected in all its products, akin to an artistic style; that this is because social institutions are forms of self-expression, rather than mechanisms contrived to achieve an explicit goal, and need to be understood as we understand a language or an artistic idiom; that this implies that the proper standards by which to judge works of art and the like are to be found only in their own setting; lastly, that this demands a kind of intelligence over and above the capacity for deductive or inductive inference: 'there must be added a new variety, the reconstructive imagination' or *fantasia*.

Vico's career was undistinguished, and his ambitions and character not entirely admirable; he was born in 1668, died in 1744, and never ventured beyond the near neighbourhood of his native Naples. He hoped to become the principal professor of jurisprudence in that city, but did not advance beyond an inferior chair; he flattered the Spanish rulers of his city when they held power, and the Austrians when they held power. Yet, in spite of poverty, family troubles and the callousness of his patron, Cardinal Corsini, he rallied all his financial and intellectual resources to ensure the publication of the one thing for which he is now remembered, *La Scienza Nuova*; it found few readers until the 19th century, however, and even now it has hardly had justice done to it. All most people know about *The New Science* is that it puts forward a cyclical theory of historical change – which, as Berlin remarks, is the least original and interesting doctrine in the book.

Vico's novelty was to turn Descartes on his head, and to employ the Scholastic doctrine of the identity of the *verum* and the *factum* for quite new purposes. Siding with Hobbes, he held that mathematics offers real certainty simply because we *make* mathematics; at first he followed Descartes in thinking that historical knowledge was essentially insecure and imprecise, but then turned the contrast between science and history against the Cartesians. God has an 'inside' knowledge of His creation, since He created it *ex nihilo*; all we can have is an external knowledge of its appearances. But in history we do have an inside knowledge – for history is the result of human minds at work, and we are human minds. There is, of course, a hideous ambiguity hidden in this claim; is it Mind which makes the whole of History – a sort of Hegelian claim – or is it that human actions are to be explained in terms of the ideas, hopes, goals of those whose actions they are? Berlin takes Vico's claims in the second sense, as a warning against committing the error of reversing anthropomorphism – it is absurd to credit mere things with human attributes, but it is just as absurd *not* to credit human beings with them, to deny that we know about each other what we plainly do know, in order to pretend that history is a kind of natural science.

Berlin conjures up a splendid picture of Vico's discovery of the idea of anachronism, in the context of his insistence that there was no Golden Age in which infinitely wise beings possessed forms of knowledge which are now sadly lost. Vico insisted that primitive men were *grossi ed orribili bestioni* prowling the trackless woods, and thinking in a mythical framework which we rationalised creatures would find it hard to grasp. And Berlin suggests that part of 'the Vico mystery' might be solved by attending to the way in which the primitiveness of primitive man was discovered. The mystery is that Vico seems to owe no debts to previous philosophers and historians, and that his most characteristic views seem to emerge from nowhere. Berlin suggests that it is the 16th-century jurists rather than the 17th-century philosophers who may provide the clue; the search for a pure and uncorrupted Roman Law led to the strange discovery that the more purified of monkish accretions the texts became, the odder they seemed. The more was known about the origins of Roman Law, the more certain it became that early Roman society was not a Golden Age, but a primitive and rather alien condition.

The second essay, on Herder, follows on with evident logic; Herder defended a conservative but pluralist humanism – he claimed that we needed roots in an identifiable culture 'with its own outlook, style, tradition, historical memories and language', and insisted that the way to understand a culture was by *Einfuhlen*, the empathy of the friend or intimate. But he also claimed that one can judge the achievements of a culture only by its own internal standards, and not by some absolute standard. This made him a nationalist, but a nationalist of a very different colour – his stress on roots was not the basis of attacks on 'rootless cosmopolitans' in the Stalinist mode; if the Germans had to free themselves from the 'slime of the Seine', the French had every right to think the Germans crude; the white man may think the Negro brutish, and by the same token, the Negro may think the white man degenerate – though Herder's dislike of all kinds of imperialism suggests that he may have thought the Negro had the better of that argument. All this is what one would expect from an 'expressionist' view of social life: if the elements of a culture hang together like the elements of a work of art,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we should expect to be baffled in an attempt to impose absolute standards of value. It is not just the marvellously spirited way Berlin handles the subject that makes one believe that all these ideas are indeed alive and kicking; you can prove it at length by scrutinising the work of the last several years in social and political theory. But I doubt whether that would yield as much enlightenment: it would certainly yield less pleasure.

John Carey

Half Trances

Dickens and Mesmerism: The Hidden Springs of Fiction by FRED KAPLAN *Princeton University Press* £6.30

Anything that entailed willpower was liable to attract Dickens, since he had an exorbitant amount himself. Mesmerism appealed, besides, to his faith in progress, for its proponents held out hopes of painless surgery, accurate prediction of the future, evidence for immortality, and other boons. His interest was first aroused in 1838 when he went to see Professor John Elliotson, the foremost English practitioner, demonstrating the 'mighty curative powers of animal magnetism' at University College Hospital. He and Elliotson became friends, and when the latter resigned his professorship (because of the shindy which followed his introduction of a mesmerised girl into a men's ward for the purpose of forecasting which patients were about to expire) Dickens stood by him.

Characteristically, Dickens never submitted to be mesmerised himself, though he soon discovered that he possessed exceptional magnetic powers for use on others. His wife and sister-in-law were the first to benefit, but his greatest triumph was with a Madame de la Rue, wife of a Swiss banker, whom the Dickenses met in Genoa. This lady had a spectacular repertoire of nervous tics and convulsions with which she kept her associates in a state of alarm that must have been highly gratifying to her. In Dickens's presence she would roll up into a tight ball, so that he could find where her head was only by 'following her long hair to its source', and she told him of harrowing dreams in which a dark Phantom and a brotherly person named Charles contended for her fate. For a while Dickens was in almost constant attendance, since De la Rue would turn up at all hours of the day or night to summon the magnetic novelist to his wife's bedroom where, as Professor Kaplan puts it, 'a psychodrama of the most stimulating kind frequently occurred'. Whether anything else of a stimulating kind occurred can't be determined, but De la Rue habitually left Dickens and the patient alone together, and Mrs Dickens soon grew furiously jealous – a fact which she made embarrassingly plain to the De la Rues. Dickens, as was to be expected, vehemently denied any impropriety, and bullied his wife into apologising for her suspicions.

All this has been known for quite a while, of course, and is well written up in Edgar Johnson's biography. Mr Kaplan fills out the account with a wealth of extraneous detail about Elliotson's career, dredged from back numbers of the *Lancet*, and with some appealing scraps about Dickens's own mesmeric sallies from unpublished letters in the Berg Collection. Once, it appears, when Dickens had to travel to La Scala and leave his patient in Genoa, he decided to try some long-range mesmerism. Seated in the coach, he concentrated his mental powers upon the absent Madame de la Rue, only to find that the waves of his animal magnetism had ascended from the vehicle's interior and put Mrs Dickens, who was travelling on top, into a convulsive trance.

The second half of Mr Kaplan's book seeks to show that Dickens's dabblings in mesmerism profoundly affected the whole course and tenor of his fiction. It is, by any standards, a remarkably unconvincing performance. That people in Dickens look back on their earlier selves; that childhood is a formative period in the novels; that they contain four sets of identical twins but are short on 'non-biologically related look-a-likes'; even that Dickens employs the interrogative mood ('the interrogative mood is the future-seeking mood') – all this, by some weird feat of reasonlessness, is adduced as proof of Mr Kaplan's contention. Dickens characters who wag their fingers or stare or flash their teeth are instantly identified as mesmerisers (oddly Bill Sikes's dog is missed, though his lethal eye-power and teeth give him quite as good a claim as most of the others). Bizarre historical parallels, seemingly quite unconnected with mesmerism, are ventured: Quilp is 'a mock Byron reduced to dwarfism'; Silas Wegg 'a parodied and asexual Marquis de Sade'. There is earnest speculation about which characters masturbate. Tulkinghorn, it appears, does, since he clasps his hands together in public, instead of 'reaching out to touch others'. So do John Jasper and Bradley Headstone and the unfortunate scholar at Dotheboys Hall who has warts on his hands – 'a euphemism for masturbation', pronounces Mr Kaplan, 'which Dickens's Victorian contemporaries would have recognised'. Latent homosexuals are also tracked down, among them Captain Cuttle and Walter Gay. And – to return to mesmerism – the success of Dickens's public readings is attributed to his use of animal magnetism: 'he did en masse what he had done before only to individuals like Madame de la Rue'. Since, by his own account, Dickens's mesmerising of Madame de la Rue put her 'peacefully and naturally' to sleep, Mr Kaplan's argument here seems well up to his usual standard.

John Naughton

Gene Junction

Life: The Unfinished Experiment by S. E. LURIA *Souvenir Press* £3.50 and £2.25

In writing about popular science, nothing succeeds quite like excess. And, since molecular biology is the most spectacularly successful branch of modern science, it's not surprising that it has attracted more than its fair share of superlatives, 'creative' misinterpretations and wild extrapolations. The lay public has been continually exhorted to enthuse at the classical simplicity of the DNA double helix, to marvel at the complexities of the genetic code and to retch in terror at the (apparently imminent) prospect of 'cloning' and other forms of genetic engineering.

All of which suggests that one should scrutinise carefully the credentials of anyone writing what purports to be a 'popular' account of molecular biology. With Professor Luria we can at least rest easy on this score, for he is the Director of the Centre for Cancer Research at MIT as well as being the recipient (with two others) of the 1969 Nobel Prize for Physiology, awarded for research into the reproductive mechanisms and the genetic structure of viruses Since this research is intimately related to the molecular biology of the cell, one has to allow that Professor Luria is eminently qualified to achieve his aim of presenting 'to the intelligent layman the concepts of a science that is progressing so rapidly as to make its findings increasingly relevant to human society'.

However, the course of true popularising never did run smooth. After drafting the first two chapters of his book, Professor Luria had the rug pulled from under him The occasion was the publication of *Chance*

A World of Inflation
Geoffrey Maynard and W van Ryckeghem
No book could be more topical and valuable than this description and analysis of inflation since the end of the Second World War. It is true that the authors do not make specific policy recommendations to deal with the serious inflation currently afflicting the industrial world: instead they analyse in general terms the nature of the economic policies required to counter short and long-run inflationary pressures. Professional economists will find here a close description and analysis of post-war inflation supported by an econometric examination of the evidence.
336 pages 16 line illustrations 60 tables £8.50
BATSFORD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Necessity by another Nobel Laureate, Jacques Monod, a bracing book which covered much of Luria's intended ground. Faced with this, the recurrent nightmare of every author, what was he to do? In the event, he did what everyone else does in the same circumstances: he consulted other people; then he wrote his book; then he rationalised everything he had done.

Well, perhaps that's a bit harsh. Professor Luria claims that his inquiries in America and France suggested that 'most people who had bought Monod's book had not really read it', by which he meant that they read the philosophical bits but couldn't cope with the technical sections. Accordingly, they had 'put the book on prominent display on a coffee table or into the semi-oblivion of a bookshelf'. He argues that *his* book, had it been available at the time, would have made things easier for lay readers (or is it non-readers?) of *Chance and Necessity* because it tries to present a simple factual account of molecular biology which deals with the workings of life at the level of the gene, the cell, the complex organism and the species.

By setting things up in this way, Professor Luria seems to be inviting explicit comparisons between his book and Monod's. Having read both, I'm not sure that is a particularly sensible thing to do. For one thing, although they cover much the same ground, they are as dissimilar as chalk and cheese. *Chance and Necessity* is sophisticated, non-linear, sinewy, a difficult but exhilarating book. *Life: The Unfinished Experiment*, on the other hand, is noticeably less ambitious in scope, more linear and undemanding in its execution, altogether more pedestrian. Professor Luria is a great believer in unfolding his message in easy stages, and his book proceeds from a preliminary discussion of evolution through heredity, the genes and their activities, cells and the use of energy in molecular reactions to the complexities of complete organisms. In other words, there is a gentle sweep from a consideration of evolution at the macroscopic level to the microscopic mechanisms through which it operates.

Yet although his pace is slower and less demanding, Luria's exposition is not as effective as Monod's. Nor, in my opinion, is his book a useful primer for *Chance and Necessity*. This is partly because there is an inexcusable lack of diagrams and partly because Professor Luria doesn't seem to realise that a slow, relentless progression, devoid of opportunities for reinforcement and consolidation of concepts, may not be the best way of teaching beginners in this, or indeed in any other, subject. Too often it boils down to one damn thing after another. Monod's method, in contrast, is much more circular, but strangely effective; he hovers round his material, occasionally swooping like a hawk to retrieve a synthesis or a conclusion. It's sometimes difficult to follow, but the reader can usually see what he's diving for, what he's getting at.

The last three chapters of Professor Luria's book are devoted to the two most challenging problems facing biologists – problems which lie, as it were, at the opposite extremes of evolution. On the one hand there is the mystery of the origin of life; on the other, the (as yet) impenetrable workings of the human brain, and the evolutionary consequences thereof. In both cases, his treatment is informed and wide-ranging, but is too sketchy to be illuminating or even thought-provoking. This is unfortunate, since the really interesting question about man – namely whether or not his overweight cortex will, in the end, enable him to override the evolutionary forces of natural selection – is the one that we all need answers to.

Craig Raine

Warts

The Winter Sparrows by MARY ROSE LIVERANI *Michael Joseph* £3.25

The nearest thing in literature to primitive painting is *The Young Visiters*, that inadvertently ironic footnote to Henry James which ought to be subtitled, 'What Daisy Really Knew'. Wordsworth's 'Simon Lee' and Tennyson's 'Dora', on the other hand, are clever fakes; Defoe's meticulous naïveté is as knowing in its simplification as Lowry's Lancastrian panoramas. The real thing is hard to come by. Too often, candidates are at once literal-minded and literary-minded.

No exception, Mary Rose Liverani's reminiscences of a childhood in working-class Glasgow are spiced with incongruous classical allusions to the Titans, Deucalion, the Gorgon, Lethe, Argus and the Cyclops. There is an extensive network of posh literary reference calculated to impress rather than charm. The prose, too, is not so much dignified as on its dignity, so that a wart is an 'excrudescence', a pop song an 'ululation', and two extra words tacked on to the Lord's Prayer a 'bipartite addendum'. But, for all that, *The Winter Sparrows* has some of the charming directness of primitive painting. Beneath the rococo, empurpled style, there are simple memories in which the writer is deeply and winningly interested. Reality is never quite overlaid.

At crucial moments, her experiences of coarse working-class life narrate themselves. For example, Mrs Liverani tells how Freddy Goode, another bespectacled 12-year-old, asked her if she wore a bra. She was too flat-chested. Freddy then volunteered the information that Flora McKechnie had one. 'And how dae you know all this, smart Alex?'

> Ah felt it. At the back, ye know, when we were dancing the St Bernard's waltz and the boy has tae put his hand on the girl's back? Ah felt it then.

The authenticity here survives even Mrs Liverani's evocation of his delight:

> Light was leaping and dancing off his eyes in brilliant slivers of golden green ice and his pale face was glowing redly in the flames of hair that licked around his head.

In other words, little Freddy was a pasty-faced, green-eyed ginge – like Swinburne, who seems to be a model at this point.

Despite frequent excursions of this kind into a Harrods high style, the true Woolworths world proves remarkably durable. Of course, Mrs Liverani is not capable of summing it up in a single image (like Edna O'Brien's icon of a rural Irish childhood – eating sugar and bread on a cold doorstep) but there are enough details to make a cumulative effect. Her sister Sadie drinks a cup of bleach put out for her mother's false teeth, and one remembers the woman in *The Road to Wigan Pier* who says, 'Teeth's misery. It's best to get shut of them'; Mary Rose breaks the cistern by trying to see how it works; when her brother dirties his trousers on a country trip, the first thought is of disposal ('it might be one o' those hard yins ye can throw away'). Mrs Liverani is good on the clothes of the poor – socks matted with darns, jerseys felted with frequent washings, jacket pockets that hang below the hem from the weight of the working man's lunchtime 'piece'. The children 'stoat' their balls against the area walls or give each other 'coal carries' (pick-a-backs); the men do 'lines' (football pools), change the 'accumulator' on the wireless and study the form; the women quarrel ('Ye can put it where the monkey puts his nuts'), perm their hair and worry about the 'neutraliser'. And over everything hangs the odour of Dettol, dissipated on Saturday nights by a stench of 'Californian Poppy'. One cannot condescend to these particularities without despising the lives of ordinary people. And in the end, one comes to see a phrase like 'shattered in slivers of purple panic' not just as awful writing, but as the desperate ambition of a girl who was top of her class.

NEW BOOKS FROM MARION BOYARS

EUGENIO MONTALE
Poet In Our Time
Tr Alastair Hamilton

Eugenio Montale, who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1975, is the most eminent of living Italian poets and this is the first volume of his prose to appear in English translation. The short pieces, or "collages" as he calls them, that make up this volume deal with contemporary man in the context of a disquieting and bewildering civilisation. The wide range of Montale's concerns, ideas and questions is evidence of a life-time of meditation and commitment to Man. Casebound £2.95

PHILIPPE ARIÈS
Western Attitudes Toward Death
Tr Patricia M. Ranum

In four "masterful essays" (Ivan Illich) Ariès traces Western Man's attitudes to death from The Middle Ages to the present. Convinced by his research that it was the culture of the United States which had played a primordial role in changing our attitudes, the author first presented this book as a series of lectures at Johns Hopkins University where his provocative conclusions and superb rhetoric won instant acclaim. Paperback £1.95

Recently published is *Brothers Keepers* by Anthony Storey (casebound £3.95); "Powerful stuff" – The Listener. *Shades of Heathcliff* and *Death of Captain Doughty* are John Spurling's latest published plays. Of *Shades'* first production The Guardian wrote "tautly written with tension between the characters accurately and sympathetically observed". Casebound £3.95. Paperback £1.95.

MARION BOYARS PUBLISHERS
18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Victoria Glendinning

En Fleur

The Hot-House Plant by YVONNE STEPHENSON *Elek/Pemberton* £6.00 and £3.00
We Always Wore Sailor Suits by SUSANNA AGNELLI *Weidenfeld* £4.50

It is impossible to read Yvonne Stephenson's autobiography *The Hot-House Plant* and remain unaffected. It describes what can only be conveyed by the dismal cliché 'identity crisis', and though her particular battlefield is not everyone's, the wounds and the weapons certainly are. The book covers her first 21 years, and was written only a few years later; but for 30 years it remained unpublished. She says in her preface that it is 'an account of an English, Christian, public school education. It illustrates the possibility of a relationship between such an education and mental illness'. I don't know why she puts it so negatively. True, she became conflicted and neurotic, and finally had a hallucinatory experience which the world would call 'mad'; but she herself, in an epilogue, prefers to put a more constructive, Laingian interpretation on her experience, and indeed has found that lots of people at turning-points in their lives have had some sort of apocalyptic vision. Miss Stephenson, however, does not want to argue the value of such experiences, for she wishes that they were not necessary.

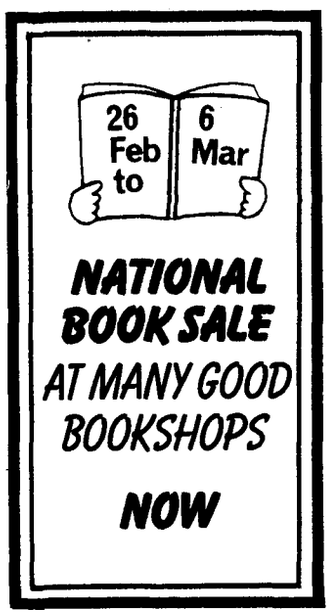
Nevertheless, this is a story of victory, not defeat. Miss Stephenson was born in 1915; her father was a C. of E. clergyman. She was taught at home and at school that she was on earth to be a vehicle for God's will, and that anything one wanted to do or be on one's own account was by definition selfish, cowardly or 'sinful'. The psychological violence of this code was masked by the sweet compelling blackmail of God's love and pain. Physical violence did less damage: her father's smacking-sessions were exciting, for these were genuine confrontations (though since it was her bare bottom that was smacked, that's a bit of a contradiction in terms). The normal physicality of love, on the other hand, was taboo; like many of her generation, perhaps, she did not learn the facts of life until she was 18.

As a child she set up a test of her willingness to suffer for Jesus, and was raising the hammer to drive a rusty nail into the palm of her hand when – mercifully – the gong rang for tea. One is reminded of little Edmund Gosse setting up a chair as a graven image ('O Chair!') to test whether God would strike him dead; throughout, the parallels with *Father and Son* are inescapable, though the paternal obsessions are not identical. Yvonne's father eloquently preached humility and equality before Christ. But some parishioners were clearly more equal than others in his eyes, and the distinction between 'Mr' and 'Esq.' on an envelope was of the gravest import. And how was it we were made 'in the image of God', if nakedness was so rude and embarrassing? After living with these and other conflicts – and insomnia – throughout her adolescence, Yvonne was forced into the open by a Marxist friend at London University; she painfully came to believe that the problem was not that her beloved parents were hypocrites, or not 'proper' Christians; the problem was their religion itself, which was a matter of devoted double-think and denial of human nature. In her apocalyptic experience in Regent's Park, she realised that 'in trying to be good she had broken the laws of nature'. The laws of her own rational nature, one wants to add; as she says, people believe what they need to believe.

If the liberated girl friend is a little complacent, Miss Stephenson is not; and if Miss Stephenson is a little short on humour, she has every reason to reply that her predicament was no laughing matter. Her case was extreme; most people come to their own conclusions without surgical shock, while some people never question the structures – whether religious, political, or just tribal – in which they were brought up. But it always takes courage to let go some of the props, to act – within one's limitations – without guilt, to accept that for people as for animals and plants what comes naturally is what comes best.

Susanna Agnelli, as she describes in *We Always Wore Sailor Suits*, was born into a family with more props than most. Her grandfather was founder of the Fiat empire, and the household in Turin was equipped with nannies and servants of all grades. She grew up in Mussolini's Italy, and her family's social and professional contacts were necessarily implicated in one way or another in political events and, later, the war. Her mother, beautiful and *distraite*, was loved by the writer Malaparte. Widowed early, she nearly lost her seven children to her powerful father-in-law; he took out a *patria potestà* which would allow her to see them for 48 hours every two weeks. Perfectly sincere in his attitudes, like the Rev. Stephenson, he was surprised by the loyalty of the children to their mother: 'He was unexpectedly struck by the fact that people could care for one another.'

The childhood half of the book is the more coherent and gripping; later, as a young woman, Susanna Agnelli served on hospital ships in the war, fell in and out of love, helped her friends whether fascist or partisan, and learnt to live in a world in which tycoons' daughters had to struggle for the basics of existence on the same level as the rest. But the later narration becomes as scrappy as the existence. As autobiography, the book falls between two stools, or rather between the analyst's couch and the drawing-room sofa: it does not have a 'point', like Yvonne Stephenson's, and Susanna Agnelli does not choose to track her inner life with the same candour; nor has she written that other sort of book, with 'more scandal, more gossip, more names' about fascist Italy, which is what she says her publisher expected. But a publisher may not always get what he expects if, as this author points out, 'he asks every woman he meets to write a book for him'. Oh, Sir George . . .



SPAIN IN CRISIS

Out 26 February
Spain in Crisis: Evolution & Decline of Franco Régime
ed. Paul Preston, £5.95

10 new scholarly studies

HARVESTER PRESS

Valentine Cunningham

Death-Dealers

A Hero in His Time by ARTHUR A. COHEN *Secker & Warburg* £3.50
Julia by PETER STRAUB *Cape* £2.95

Our Victorian literature was something else. Even George Henry Lewes mattered to Dostoevski, who read him and quoted him. But how simply incredible would it sound now, being told that a minor English writer – say Evelyn Waugh – had mattered to Osip Mandelstam – as inconceivable as Solzhenitsyn dipping, of an evening, into Auberon Waugh's fiction. It's we who, like podgy, plummy Christians daring to imagine the catacombs, now turn to Soviet authors: they breathe a rebukingly purer, more urgent air; their harassed zone has become the one that matters. As the ancient Tyutychev – a miraculously resilient collector of Ukrainian folk tunes and Hasidic melodies and, when they dried up, of thieves' and rascals' songs, and then, in the camps, the gleaner and recorder of Tartar, Uzbek, Armenian, Mongol and Turkestan songs – says to Yuri Maximovich Isakovsky, the Jewish poet from Kiev:

> It's a life-and-death country we have. A life-and-death country. It's not quality we have to worry about. That's a problem for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Westerners, who don't remember what it is to deal with life and death. They worry about the air and overcrowding and traffic. What a luxurious life they have. But the Russians still have a nation of life and death. Surrender, we live; complain, we die. It's that simple.

Tyutychev and Isakovsky have just found the poet's secret store of forbidden writers, kept in his dacha's old ice-house, all torn up by police agents: Mandelstam's first book, five volumes of murdered Gumilev, manuscripts of Bulgakov, poems by Pasternak, Blok, Akhmatova and the rest. Defiantly, they assert the indestructibility of the poems of the all too destructible poets by burning the tattered heaps.

It takes, perhaps, a scholarly Jewish writer such as Arthur Cohen – he's written a number of books on Judaism – to be able to get inside the imaginative life of Russian Jews, even an assimilated one like Isakovsky. And in a novel just jammed with outstandingly conceived and memorably presented moments there's nothing more moving than the deadpan account of the funeral of Isakovsky's father, who reverted to the faith in old age: the mourners pestered; the rabbi obscenely disturbed in his graveside oration by whistles and catcalls from plain-clothed policemen (he's subsequently imprisoned for religious agitation and anti-Soviet propaganda). But important though the author's Jewish sympathies and inside knowledge are, they're not by themselves enough to guarantee the amazing *tour de force* that *A Hero in His Time* represents: Jewishness is just one segment of Isakovsky's consciousness and history, and we get (at least it feels like it) the lot. By dint of backward looks, largely from bits of diary, Isakovsky's past is filled in – the importance to him of Mandelstam, accidentally discovered; his job as editor of the *People's Voice*, a folk-music quarterly; his try at being a baptised Christian; pogroms, trials, poems; his friend Kolokolov's climb to fame as a compromising, popular poet. All this plenty is solid, believable, and quite astonishing from an American, even a Jewish-American, writer.

Less surprising, I suppose, is what happens to Isakovsky when he's flown to the USA, chosen for a bit of spy-work (handing over a 'poem' in code) at a Music and Ethnography Conference. But even here, amid the too-handily parodiable flatulences of academics larding sold-out poets with lavish praise and the eager lusts of a girl-reporter who wants Isakovsky for a story, the novel resists any slick slithering into the easily known and the readily done. And, tempted though the man is to stay – and even his bodyguard defects – Isakovsky the poet cannot quit the tongue of his poems. He alters the code-poem (how can he read out anything not his own?) and the policemen whisk him home. 'He contemplated the future, prepared, perhaps for the first time, to invest its trial with the kind of tenacity often mistaken as heroism.'

Most weeks Peter Straub's *Julia* would be a certain piece-leader, granted generous space to send its spine-freezing frissons lasering down the column. This week, a bit regrettably, since quality chillers like this come the reader's way so rarely, it must look comparatively out-punched. Don't be put off: matched at its own weight it's a champ. It begins plainly enough, with an American lady, Julia Lofting, impulse-buying a house near Holland Park. But the foreboding sense of yet another American novelist abroad having his characters acquire a place, and a new sense of place, in London just because that's what he's done ('writes full time and lives in London' is often the signpost to the predictably drear), lasts only minutes, and rapidly gives way to an altogether more startling sort of foreboding.

Strange events crowd in on Julia and her new home. A blonde girl resembling her dead daughter haunts the Park doing cruel things with knives and bicycle wheels to tiny living creatures. Noises invade; tiny, ghostly hands flutter lasciviously about Julia's private parts in bed. She gets more and more bloody, gashing and grazing herself, her clothes soaking up her own blood, and that of other mutilated humans and dead animals. She begins to glimpse explanatory patterns. Her house once housed a murderous little blonde girl, stabbed to death by her mother. The murdered girl, Julia discovers, might well be her own husband's daughter. And he – or was it Julia? – stabbed *their* daughter to death trying to save her life by – wait for it – performing an amateur, emergency tracheotomy as she lay choking to death on a piece of meat. *Julia*, its power to horrify doubtless stemming from that original, grisly conceit of parental, kitchen-knife surgery, makes an extraordinarily gripping and tantalising read. Our all too unreliable central character dies messily: is it murder? by ghost or by human? or is it suicide? Every dubious solution and ambivalent pattern is possible, for almost anything becomes believable under the novelist's stunningly gothic manipulations.

Mervyn Levy

L. S. Lowry 1887-1976

How shall I best remember Lowry in these first cold hours since his death? It is a problem I must begin to face – and to resolve. He was quite unforgettable; but what directions shall my thoughts take? Well, let them drift awhile, let them float and rise like the smoke of Manchester and Salford. I knew him and saw him often over the last 15 years of his long, tranquil, disappointed and deliciously cantankerous life. His eye was a razor: his vision cut out of the teeming pattern of the industrial scene, those figures and personages who were for him always the most interesting, the curious, odd and brutally misshapen; the tramps, old women, violent children attacking their older brothers with high karate kicks; bearded ladies (when he was lucky enough to spot one), cripples, invalids bowling along in their carriages.

The human situation was for him always comic, never tragic. He made up a lot, but what he did was based on what he had seen. He left shadows out of his pictures, because, as he once told me when I asked him why, they would 'mess up the composition'. It is a few weeks only since I saw him last, an obviously tired old man who would drop off to sleep in your presence or simply say, 'I'll have a nod if you don't mind, sir, and I hope it's the last sleep, the *big* sleep; I'm tired and I'm fed up and no one comes to see me any more unless they want something. And what do *you* want, what do you *really* want?' It was true, of course; few came to see him in those last years of his life – in the last 20 years perhaps, since his work had become a new and much safer form of currency – few visited him unless they wanted something. To buy a drawing or a painting, to get him to sign a print, or autograph a book, or give something to charity, or sign a first day cover of the 1967 postage stamp that reproduced one of his paintings. Children, runners from the smoke, the agents of galleries, all sponged on him and more often than not he was the willing and generous victim of their various attempts to obtain the gold of his art, which only too soon afterwards found its way into the great London salerooms. So naturally his later years were bedevilled by suspicion.

There were real friends, of course. His housekeeper, Mrs Swindles, herself in her late eighties, who would hand over his washed and ironed, still grubby laundry with twitching hands. There was the mysterious Mr Robertson who came only to discuss music with him like the gentleman from Porlock who punctured Kubla Khan. But at least there was something for him if you called by car – as 'a friend' of course – about lunchtime and took him off to the Alma Lodge or the Belgrade Hotel at Stockport where he best liked to eat. Or Glossop, where a little café served 'the best egg and chips in the world'. And afterwards, when you delivered him home, he would give you a scribble. In earlier years it might have been a painting or a decent drawing.

He was suspicious, mocking (in his art) but always generous. To my young son, Ceri, who visited him with me last year and who really only wanted his autograph, he said, 'Oh no, I don't give autographs any more'; and then, after a pause and a rummage among a pile of letters, bills, parcels rising in a foot-high heap on his table in the cold, dark, front room of his house at Mottram in Longdendale, he produced like a magician from a top hat two little drawings. 'Have these,' he said, 'I can't be bothered with autographs. I did them last night. Do you like them?' One was a bizarre drawing of a cluster of tall, gangling men, ogling and grinning at the figure of a long-legged little girl in a mini-skirt. The other, a drawing of yachts and boats: the merest breath of a drawing rendered in a fine wispy line, yet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

infinite in its perspective. Reminiscent, too, though drawn in 1975, of a favourite recurring subject in his art: the yachts and boats he used to see when, as a boy, he spent summer holidays with his parents at Lytham-St-Annes. His mother, who did not live to see his success, and did not believe in his art overmuch, once said, 'at least you can paint a picture of the boats we see on our holidays'. And he did in 1930 paint for her one of the loveliest and most tender of these subjects. This picture never left his front room; a tribute to his mother who never saw any of his fame. This was his greatest sorrow. 'What's the good of it all?' he sometimes asked me – 'my mother didn't know'.

Last year Tom Monnington, then President of the Royal Academy, who knew I would be seeing Lowry in a few days' time, said, 'Try and arrange for me to go and see him to discuss the exhibition of his work we hope to put on next year. I know he won't answer letters.' Nor did he. Everything that came through the post simply joined the heap on the table, unopened, unanswered, to gather dust, decay, and get lost – unless you were to warn him to expect something very special such as a book about himself, or a relevant catalogue. When I broached the content of the Academy's message he jerked himself upright from an almost horizontal position, sunk in his deep chair, feet on the mantelpiece. 'Bloody hell,' he said, 'can't they even let me *die* in peace?' A cry that was immediately followed by such conciliatory remarks as 'Do they really want to do an exhibition of my work? They must be mad. Do you think it's a good thing? Oh well, I suppose so, if they really do. I won't be here to see it anyway.' 'Oh, but you will,' I said. The Exhibition is now scheduled to open on 4 September.

How shall I remember him? I think in those quirky, comic situations that he himself looked for in life. I recollect especially the portrait of him now in the Tate which Olwyn Bowey painted in our flat in Sheen some 15 years ago. On the first day he seemed a restless sitter, shifting, mumbling and groaning occasionally, trying to ease his position, to make himself more comfortable. After some hours the painter put down her brush. 'Well, I think that's enough for today, Mr Lowry,' she said. My wife, Marie, hurried in with a cup of tea. He rose awkwardly, put his hand to his backside and plucked out a drawing pin. 'It was a bit uncomfortable sitting on this,' he said, 'but we mustn't disturb the artist, must we?'

What did he show me apart from the obvious distillation of the poetry of the industrial scene? He showed me very clearly that we are all a great deal more potty, ridiculous, and unlikable than we would normally care to recognise.

Among this week's contributors:

MERVYN LEVY is the author of *Paintings of L. S. Lowry*, published last autumn.

VICTORIA GLENDINNING is the author of *A Suppressed Cry* (Routledge, 1969) and is currently working on a biography of Elizabeth Bowen.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM is the author of *Everywhere Spoken Against: Dissent in the Victorian Novel* (1975).

Music

Bayan Northcott

Musical Chairs

Quite a good symphony for J. C. Bach, I thought to myself over breakfast a couple of Mondays ago. Then in came the Radio 3 announcer sounding sheepish. During the broadcast, he said, there had been numerous phone calls to complain that it was playing in a different key from the one he had given – but the script and the record sleeve both had *his* key, so it was all very puzzling. The first thing I wondered was who on earth all these people could possibly be at 9.20 in the morning? Hi-fi addicts running checks on BBC turntable speeds? Listeners with perfect pitch indulging in a little announcer bashing? Hitherto unsuspected hordes of J. C. Bach fanatics? The second thing – I blush to call it – was, why had they bothered anyway?

Perhaps I had been taking the *Listener* too seriously. Comment in recent issues has certainly suggested that no one loves the Music Programme at present: either it contains too much contemporary rubbish or too many standard classics; either its presentation is too solemn or not informative enough – or in any case it has all got duller since Robert Ponsonby succeeded Sir William Glock as Controller, Music. Put these charges to the BBC producers themselves and they immediately start tearing their hair with frustration. For some inscrutable reason the Music Division and the Gramophone Department have evolved in total independence of one another. Each submits programmes to the Controller, Radio 3, and his planners who have to slot them together somehow, making sure that all the BBC orchestra and regional producers get a fair hearing and also taking into account such immovable objects as Choral Evensong and the Open University, the competing claims of speech and drama after 7.30 p.m. and the fact that their largest audience of the day is already switching off by 9.00 in the morning. No wonder the same work occasionally gets billed five times in a fortnight; with a set-up like this, integrated all-day efforts like the American Sunday 18 months ago must be miracles of coordination.

Actually, no one leafing through the *Radio Times* with an unbiased mind can miss the continuing anxiety of the planners to provide at least a little space for almost every musical activity – from *Bandstand* to *Music In Our Time* – even if the relative length of the spaces might be questioned. As for the Controller, Music: whatever else, his programmes for the current Festival Hall and Round House seasons are certainly not dull. I wish some sort of musical *Critics' Forum* could be started to discuss new works, opera productions and so on (though I suppose there would be a problem with the Musicians' Union if it needed recorded excerpts) and also that the Gramophone Department would make more frequent and imaginative use of the wealth of rare material it must be sitting on – and why does *Stereo Release* always have to comprise the safe, obvious choices?

Another grouse is the tape backlog. For some reason, BBC recordings of the most interesting new works and performances often take literally years to reach the air. It must be terribly frustrating for a young pianist, say, to see his first tape, with all its well-remembered anxieties, scheduled at last when he has meanwhile improved beyond recognition. Still, Misha Donat's recently rebroadcast Dallapiccola retrospective, Elaine Padmore's delightful *Music of Tchaikovsky's Russia* programmes and Hugh Keyte's massive sequence of Byrd's church music planned to cover the entire year reveal talents among the Music Division's younger producers of most encouraging quality. And meanwhile, every day there can be heard fresh, unmannered playing by the regional orchestras and the Academy of the BBC to remind us how essential live performance remains to the health of the standard repertoire.

So why does one still feel vaguely unhappy about it all? Partly, I think, it is the very idea of separating music off from other interests. In one respect, Glock's achievement of the mid-Sixties proved all too successful: it encouraged the other three programmes to 'stream' too – which is presumably how Radio 4 has managed to push such material as *Homeward Bound* – that muzak of the speeding executive – across into Radio 3. More seriously, streaming inevitably brings the interests of listeners and hearers into direct conflict: those who wish to follow up this or that musical interest versus those who simply want an unending flow of pleasant stimulation.

New music is the unavoidable flashpoint here. Its selection in the first place is bound to be risky, since the historical forces that separate Mozart from mediocrity take their time. And then how are the planners to tell whether the 60 complaints after a first performance indicate a work too predictable to interest the listeners, or a novelty genuine enough to force its unwelcome way into the inattention of the hearers? So far a relative impartiality has been maintained – if only because more or less everything in Radio 3 seems to annoy somebody. But there are ominous signs that this could be changing.

Last week Sir Charles Curran announced that Radios 3 and 4 will shortly have to combine for two hours a day as part of the BBC's £10m. economies. No offence to Robin Ray, who serves a devoted audience but this presumably means the replacemen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of certain specialised programmes with more of his kind of packaging. Still more worrying is the temptation that the Controller, Radio 3, Stephen Hearst, must now be under to spread such anodyne formulas even further in order to justify his costs to his unmusical superiors: because the simplest calculation suggests that the wavelength with the smallest audiences could now well be the most expensive of all – compare the size of a symphony orchestra to a news-desk team. The straw in the wind was the notorious Sunday morning phone-in record programme of a couple of years back, which came over very much as Hearst's personal attempt to bring a little democracy to elitist old Radio 3. (Would it not have been more democratic if he had sat on the end of the line himself to argue his policies?) In any case, after a few months of crackly voices going on about when their grandmothers lived next door to Elgar, the programme was hounded off the air by its ungrateful listeners.

Quite right too; such 'participation' is an illusion. What listeners really switch on a music programme for is the enjoyment of skill – and democracy in this sense can mean only the widest possible choice of music, performers and presentation. One would have thought, indeed, that the notion of 'skill' could even provide the more timorous BBC authorities with just the right guide through the jungles of fear and loathing that seem to surround contemporary music. If it is just a bit of random cymbal hitting in the name of Mao, best to be wary; if a score, no matter how esoteric or minimal, that commands all its performers' concentration and musicianship, then it should probably be heard. The point is urgent because the day may not be far off when the BBC has to chose between an inexpensive all-day record programme of more or less popular classics or a much shorter attempt to maintain its present balance. There are two reasons why it should still be the second. The disappearance of minority interests from this, as already from the other three wavelengths, would amount to musical censorship; worse, it could also mark the end of the BBC as Britain's major patron.

Make no mistake about what it would mean: not only the running down of its own orchestras but also the further financial embarrassment of organisations like Covent Garden and the LSO that it pays to relay; not only the betrayal of a unique 50-year tradition of enlightened commissioning, but also the repudiation of all the best music producers in the organisation. In America the universities stand ever-ready to carry much of the musical burden, but here it looks as though Mr Healey has just done for that too. So if any of this bothers you at all, dear listener, choose your targets very carefully next time you phone the BBC. The powers that be are not going to take any notice of a scribbler like me, obviously an elitist – why, I even like Schoenberg. But they might just listen to you.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Good Red Meat

Old Flames *Arts*
Otherwise Engaged *Queens*

I don't think E. A. Whitehead is against men as such. Nor am I altogether convinced that he dislikes women, though this view might surprise some of those burned by the vaginal acid of *Old Flames* last week. But when the two factions meet he gets very upset indeed. Several of his characters have had unhappy Catholic childhoods, but Mr Whitehead's own spiritual affiliation is surely to the Shakers, that puritan sect which believed (and became extinct believing) that men and women should have no personal contact, least of all sexual. The moral of his plays to date would seem to be that relationships should be conducted, if at all, by telegram, and reproduction achieved (if at all) by cloning in white-walled laboratories; and he is getting no mellower with age. The collision of the sexes in *The Foursome* brought about nothing worse than a display of ill-humour and post-coital distaste, in which the contents of a girl's handbag were flung about the stage. In *Alpha Beta* it led to an

In this clean orderly, disciplined world,
who needs guys like McMurphy?
Everybody!
JACK NICHOLSON
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
Fantasy Films
presents
A MILOS FORMAN FILM JACK NICHOLSON in "ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST"
Starring LOUISE FLETCHER and WILLIAM REDFIELD · Screenplay LAWRENCE HAUBEN and BO GOLDMAN
Based on the novel by KEN KESEY · Director of Photography HASKELL WEXLER · Music JACK NITZSCHE
Produced by SAUL ZAENTZ and MICHAEL DOUGLAS · Directed by MILOS FORMAN
United Artists
A Transamerica Company
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON FANTASY RECORDS
NOW SHOWING ODEON LEICESTER SQ. TELEPHONE: 930 6111
Cont. Progs. 12.10 (NOT SUN) 2.30 5.25 8.10
Late Night Show FRI & SAT 11.45 p.m.
ALSO AT SELECTED THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ugly divorce, and in *The Sea Anchor* to someone drowning himself off the coast of Liverpool. But in *Old Flames* the outcome is not just death, but ritual death, symbolic death and very nasty death indeed. 'What's for dinner?' asks Edward cheerfully, as his hostess closes in on him. 'You,' she replies, and means it.

So ends Act One, which might be described as a genital *Johnson Over Jordan.* Only the irredeemably literal-minded will ask why Edward, having come for a lubricious tête-à-tête with his latest girl friend, doesn't walk angrily out when he discovers that she's invited his two ex-wives and his baleful old mother to supper as well. We must ignore the obvious improbabilities and adjust to Mr Whitehead's wavelength – indeed, to the Freudian waves that lap at the houseboat in which he's set his play. This is the sexual biography of a composite character whom an earlier generation of dramatists would have called A Man, or possibly The Man, or even Men: which, as it turns out, means that he has spent his adult life exploiting, impregnating, deceiving, battering, deserting and forgetting his women. Their function has been to slake his hunger and fan his boundless self-esteem, to stand submissively aside while he's off wenching and boozing and, in at least one case, to commit suicide after his disappearance. It is a formidable indictment, more than most individuals would hope to find listed against their names in the Book of Life; and never for a moment does Gary Bond suggest he's trailing so grisly a history behind him. At first his Edward bounces about the stage, a labrador puppy ingratiating himself with a new owner; then he looks rumpled and rueful; then, pretty surprised – as who wouldn't, finding himself on the menu? And that, really, is that. We don't see him for most of Act Two, because he's being cooked and, when he reappears, it's in a sadly depleted form. Meanwhile, the four diners whet their appetites on his character, gradually widening the attack to men in general, those loathsome creatures with the 'big fat worms' dangling between their hairy legs.

It takes some courage for a male writer to describe what he can never have heard, the conversation of women closeted alone, and a certain maniac audacity when those women also happen to be cannibals. But Mr Whitehead leaps imperviously in, and the result is the most paranoid hour I can recall in a theatre. Only once does a little charity temper the general bitterness, and that is when Anne Dyson, playing Edward's mum, remembers a brief and implausible affair she had with a communist poet. But she spends most of her time denouncing her husband as an 'old goat' whom she was happy to curse on his deathbed, and doesn't seem too shocked when Judy Cornwell, Barbara Ewing and Katherine Fahy, playing the three younger women, variously recommend masturbation, promiscuity and lesbianism as the proper solutions to the female itch. By this time everyone should be prepared for the final scene, which has the four of them piously sipping Edward's blood and nibbling what might be his innards, and just might be something less mentionable.

The play left me about as torn as Edward. One third of me thought Mr Whitehead had chosen a dramatic metaphor so cranky and extreme that it was impossible to take him more seriously than, let's say, the gentleman who may sometimes be seen in Piccadilly Circus with a placard reading 'less protein, less lust'. One third was vexed by his implication, made explicit in a programme note, that the vengeful vixens represent Germaine Greer, Betty Friedan and an indiscriminate assortment of feminists. But the remaining third was transfixed by so sweeping a show of sexual nausea. Here, magnified a few hundred times, is the cry of Hamlet, or Leontes, or Sir Thomas Browne. Why this 'trivial and vulgar way of union'? Why are people doomed to be enslaved to each other's bodies, and to hate each other for it? Why can't we all stand still and pollinate, like flowers? It isn't a very helpful lament, or a very constructive play; but it is a frank recognition of what all of us must sometimes have felt in our more disgusted and self-disgusted moments.

Craig Raine reviewed *Otherwise Engaged* when Alan Bates was leading man; and, though Michael Gambon gives a vaguer, more amorphous performance, I'm happy to endorse his recommendation. Is the play an attack on the moral indifference of a man who can relate to his gramophone, but not to other people? Or a defence of the right to privacy? Bates, ironic and dangerous, inclined me to the first conclusion, Gambon a little more towards the second; but the argument is nicely balanced and wittily put. It is the finest thing Simon Gray has so far written.

Television

Dennis Potter

Embalmed

The BBC has become so skilful at period or costume drama of every decade except our own that it comes as no surprise to discover that the security officers in the corporation's studios are dressed like museum attendants. After all, these lugubrious fellows have walked upon the waters of Galilee as well as alongside the shuffling dole queues of Gateshead, and they may even have seen Nelson's ample eye-patch turn up again as one half of a flimsy brassiere in a sleazy Weimar nightclub. *When the Boat Comes In* it could be quickly transformed into a perfumed barge for some waiting Cleopatra drinking coke in the crowded canteen. Accomplishments so versatile and wardrobes so overworked tend to mean, however, that putting the Past in front of the lens is not at all the same thing as putting it into focus.

When television drama calls back yesterday the problem is often seen mainly as a matter of set design, costume fittings and a swift raid upon the dubbing studio for a few standard noises off, such as the clop-clop of horse and carriage for anything earlier than Henry Ford's first incarnation. Acting and dialogue in the miles upon miles of what has to be called reproduction videotape are frequently left stranded on the aerosoled patina, while any tougher ideas about the *uses* of the past are subsumed by the lesser passions of accuracy about things, dead things. *Days of Hope* was so disturbing, so harshly brilliant, precisely because it occupied former times with the convictions and the anxieties of present politics, knowing that the ways we look back are part of the same impulse we use to look forward. *How Green Was My Valley* (BBC-2) and now *When the Boat Comes In* (BBC-1) are by contrast a curator's drama, covering old conflicts with an embalmer's art and a mortician's brisk finality. You can approach them with nostalgia rather than indignation, and the gentlest of surface grief instead of the volatile agitations of doubt and anger.

Even so, the latter series is extremely good at the secondary level it comfortably reaches. Every one of the many scenes in the schoolroom, for example, has worked very well indeed. 'Sit down boys, fold your arms and no talking.' They chant the seven-times table in sing-song unison to help pass the time before they are old enough to go down the pit, and beyond the high windows and playground railings some sense of the suffocating tightness or crabbed endeavours of the working community pokes through the busy plots. The easy skills and familiar conventions of this kind of drama, now almost second nature to the BBC, are still capable of throwing up in each episode a minute or two that does not measure authenticity by the design of the kitchen grate or the clanking of crockery in the washing-up bowl.

Barry Hines startlingly turned the props into cries and shouts in his half-hour Centre Play, *Two Men from Derby* (BBC-2), on Saturday. This effective little piece had two football talent scouts waiting in vain for a feckless young miner to come home off the day-shift while his wife finished her weekly toil at dolly tub and scrubbing board. We were cleverly made to deduce that the collier took care not to turn up because he was too frightened of what possible failure as a professional footballer would do to his own picture of himself in his own village. But his wife (splendidly played by Sharon Duce) was aching to escape, and the manner in which she used the boiler and tub and wringer of this 1930s set made them more painfully real than anything stored under dust covers in the design department warehouse. The whole structure of a drab and harassed life took shape in a few square yards of hearth and home.

Things, old things, are usually eloquent and a lot of the popular success of *When the Boat Comes In* is undoubtedly due to it canny deployment of all but forgotten bits and pieces that look as though they have just been lifted from specially preserved sculleries and parlours. Knick-knack drama does not even need the ornate complications of plot, as can readily be discovered by tuning to an ITV Schools project currently on show called *How We Used to Live* (Yorkshire). This busy series clacks along from 1925 to 1945 by the old classroom trick of zooming in on the usua

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'ordinary' family in its ordinary house in an ordinary town, but television is able to use real bricks and mortar instead of squeaking blackboard chalk. On Monday morning we reached 1939, Chamberlain's voice on the wireless, and the blackout in a terraced house with chocolate-brown doors, dull floral walls and Westminster chimes from the emphatic clock on the cluttered mantelpiece.

There is no story as such, but the series is satisfyingly replete with an immensity of minor detail, accurate down to the blue patterns on the teacups, the cloth on the table and the tiny steamed-up windows on the children's gas masks. The strange puffing and blubbing sound which came out of the piggy snouts of these peculiar contraptions so took me back to infancy that I could taste again the sweet, sicky rubbery flavour that astonished me when my own gas mask was strapped on for the first time. It is not surprising that television drama turns to the recent past when it can have such relatively cheap access to such relatively cheap emotions as memory ever yields.

Journeys further back are more difficult, as *Clayhanger* (ATV) is demonstrating on Thursday nights. This cumbersome adaptation has declined into the irritations of extended voice-over 'thoughts', sufficient proof that the original has remained ineluctable. The acting, too, is uneasy and overwrought, perhaps to compensate for the constant clip-clop from the dubbing studio stables and a generally careless production which cannot even be bothered to put a rocker under a railway carriage that remains utterly still while the train puffs busily away through those sweet old back-projection fields we know of old.

Films

John Coleman

You All Crazy?

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest *Odeon, Leicester Square*
Farewell, My Lovely *Leicester Square Theatre*
Russian Roulette *Rialto*

Ken Kesey's novel caused quite a stir when it first appeared in 1962, and rightly. I had heard vaguely of Kesey as a major prophet of the youth revolution, read some disjointed scraps of his somewhere or other, and knew that his book about life in a mental institution was supposed to have been written under the influence of LSD: the auguries were unpromising. But the other day I laid bold hands on the thing and found myself held enough to read it in a single session. Since events are transmitted through the now befogged, now pellucid consciousness of a huge half-Indian, Chief Bromden, it may be that some acid went into the creative melting-pot; but not much, I would hazard. Generally, Kesey has complete control of his material, his characters stick up from the page like so many wounded thumbs, the coherence and humour are in a different league from the ramblings of a Kerouac. There is, however, an underlying theme: one enlivening day a bull of a man called R. P. McMurphy is brought in from a penal work farm, feigning insanity, and in no time at all he has the walking patients (the Acutes, as opposed to the Chronics, the Wheelers, the Vegetables, and the people 'upstairs') striving to assert themselves against what he sees as the ball-breaking domination of Nurse Ratched, a great-bosomed martinet of some cunning and sadistic intent. Randle McMurphy, an inveterate gambler, sets out to defuse her in a week, and for a while his particular blunt therapy does wonders on his fellow-inmates.

This is one of the larger sentimental (or, at least, highly questionable) proposals that Kesey commits himself to: and we shall soon be returning to it. In the tragic event, the system proves too strong even for McMurphy and it is the disinherited half-breed, long thought to be deaf and dumb, who makes the final escape – on our behalf, we are invited to feel. Society is sick, etc.

Kirk Douglas bought the film rights 13 years ago and it is his son, Michael, who now figures as co-producer of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, together with Saul Zaentz: more interestingly, it is the marvellous Czech, Milos Forman *(Peter and Pavla, A Blonde in Love, The Firemen's Ball* and then his first American venture, *Taking Off*), who directs. The result is an in-and-out movie, much more in than out and at its best as good as anything Forman has done, with a radical but necessary structural alteration made to the original story: Kesey prepared an early draft screenplay, which was rejected (he and Forman never met), and the final version is the work of two writers, one coming in after the other – Lawrence Hauben and Bo Goldman – with, it would not be surprising, the director, who trained at the Czech Film School as a writer, coming up with the further odd line himself.

He likes a degree of improvisation, so much so – in fact – that he and his cameraman Haskell Wexler reluctantly parted company during the shooting: Bill Butler took over and, for a fishing-trip sequence filmed last, William Fraker. There were other snags: finding a location (a vacant ward in the Oregon State Hospital solved that, where the whole unit camped out), fending off the natural anxiety of the authorities, persuading an actress to play the ungrateful butch and bullying role of Kesey's 'Big Nurse' (both Anne Bancroft and Angela Lansbury are said to have turned it down). But the biggest problem of all was inevitably what to do about that first-person narrator. The answer has been to take the bull McMurphy by the horns and shove him firmly centre stage, relegating the Indian to the sidelines till near the end. And since McMurphy was to be the big fellow coming in from outside, Forman for once wanted a star and got him: Jack Nicholson, who may be about half the size of Kesey's Irishman but makes up for it in an astute, brash, persuasive and ultimately panicky impersonation of intentional ambiguity.

The rest of a superb cast was mainly recruited from the relatively unknown and the word goes that a few authentic patients and staff are occasionally on view. Forman 'lived' the film after his fashion and certainly specific details of his cuckoos' behaviour stamp themselves on the mind: the spruce, white-haired old dancer, the man forever self-crucified against a wall, the wheelchair general who thwacks a punchball with his walking stick, stumpy little Martini who messes up all their table games, peeking at cards, swallowing the die, hysterically flaring and subsiding Cheswick (Sydney Lassick) who worships McMurphy, stammering young Billy (Brad Dourif) with his fear of mummy, supercilious Harding (William Redfield), gelded by a flighty wife, and the great, slab-faced Bromden (Will Sampson), whose elated walk and jaunty jogtrot around a basketball court after a couple of successes against the male nurses brought *a round of applause*, for heaven's sake, at the packed, papered press show. No question at all about whose side the audience was on, which is where I must quote Mr Forman:

> I can only define 'mental illness' as an incapacity to adjust within normal measure to ever-changing, unspoken rules. If you are incapable of making these constant changes, you are called by your environment crazy. Which of course indicates that mental illness is a social disease . . .

The trouble is – and all hail to R. D. Laing – it is surely more complicated than that. And yet Forman appears to believe it that simple, enough at any rate to promote a mildly modified form of Kesey's baddies (the staff) versus the goodies (the patients): even allowing for the fact that a majority of the so-called Acutes are voluntary inmates – and McMurphy's traumatic shock comes in a superbly underplayed scene in a swimming pool when he realises he is one of the few to have actually been committed and therefore liable to stay until Nurse Ratched (Louise Fletcher) says otherwise – they would hardly be, as they are here almost to a man, little more than eccentrics, usually harmless and hence available for genial comedy. 'You all crazy?' asks pretty Candy, a gum-chewing whore imported for an illicit fishing-trip organised by McMurphy, and old Cheswick nods contentedly back.

When matters grow really ugly at the close, with McMurphy smuggled back into the ward at night, lobotomised, and Bromden compassionately putting him out of his nullity before crashing free, it is nearly too sudden. And yet something equivocal, fighting to disturb the excellently entertaining surface of the film (that fishing-trip, a wild drinking party that finishes with Billy getting laid and killing himself under verbal duress next morning), has been prepared for. A strange smile passes between Miss Fletcher's Nurse (*is* she all bad?) and her tormentor-in-chief at one moment: and the smooth doctor in charge turns to her later, underlining this near-complicity – 'Funny thing is the person he's closest to is the one he

Robert Melville is ill. He will be writing about the Constable Exhibition at the Tate ***next week.***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dislikes most. That's you, Mildred.' One could have done with a closer exploration of this tension, which is absent from the Kesey. As it is, it is perhaps the most disconcerting and resonant element in Forman's remarkable film.

Dick Richards's *Farewell, My Lovely* is a tolerable version of the Raymond Chandler (previously filmed by Edward Dmytryk some 30 years ago as *Murder, My Sweet*, with Dick Powell and Claire Trevor: and wasn't there an even earlier 'Falcon' travesty from RKO?), cashing in on the current fascination with a seedy incorruptible versus twisty sub-Watergate conspiracies. Instead of the old black-and-white Los Angeles, we have the camera of John A. Alonzo (who photographed Polanski's *Chinatown*) finding effective equivalents in ambers and oranges and a flashing red HOTEL sign; voice-over is used nostalgically; and the old trappings of grimy bars, ritzy mansions with exquisite green topiary and lounging wicked dames (here Charlotte Rampling, too grand by half, doing a total Bacall from *The Big Sleep*), sluggings and druggings and weary wisecracks are very much in evidence. Some might say, for the prosecution; since the script is often poor pastiche and soggy with it: Robert Mitchum's slumped Marlowe keeps rabbiting on about DiMaggio's batting record and even befriends the cute boy-child of a mixed marriage (neither parents nor kid figure in the original Chandler), fading out as his voice-over intones: 'I had two grand inside my pocket that needed a home and I knew just the place.' Moose Malloy is still around, lumbering after his 'Velma'; but the sinister psychic quack Amthor undergoes a sex-change into a dyke madam of the same name and there are further bewildering alterations. The Dmytryk was better.

Lou Lombardo's *Russian Roulette* is strictly for the discard pile, some nonsense about George Segal as a suspended Canadian Mountie being charged with the stashing away of a prospective assassin of Kosygin, coming to visit Vancouver in 1970. The plot is one granny knot after another; a KGB agent is allowed to take a lift and a rifle to the unguarded roof of Kosygin's hotel: Denholm Elliott grim-grins disgracefully.

Weekend Competition

No 2401 Set by Miles Backward

As Judgment Day impends contributors are asked to weigh the implications of the End of the World in the style of any regular NEW STATESMAN feature or contributor – either in the form of an NS leader (or 'straggler') or as a Torchlight on Politics, Armageddon Diary, Last Person, etc. Approximately 120 words by 12 March.

Result of No 2398 Set by E. O. Parrott

Competitors were asked to provide *Private Eye*-like 'bubbles' for any famous painting.

Report by Blackbird

Susan Premru was thoughtful enough to send me reproductions of the paintings she captioned ('Concooo*o*OOO*O*rde', for instance, was her bubble on Edvard Munch's 'The Scream'). I was in need of such cosseting, since it was only with the *Mona Lisa* that I felt entirely at my ease. £2 to Mrs Premru, and to all the other captions courageous.

Mona Lisa: 'Carruthers, MI5.'
Déjeuner sur l'Herbe: 'Giscard's late.'
P. LERY-MENARD

Rubens's *Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus*: 'Yippee! C'mon, fellas, lesh have jush one more for the road!'
The Hay Wain: 'Water in the carburettor, I reckon.'
K. S. LIGHTFOOT

Botticelli's *The Birth of Venus*: 'Really, Captain, do I look as if I have designs on your cod?'
Rembrandt's *The Night Watch*: 'Save it!
TOM DONNELLY

The Laughing Cavalier: 'You can say the discussions were frank and good-humoured.'
Monarch of the Glen: 'Och, they're a' too pissed tae shoot straight.'
PETER VEALE

Death of Chatterton: 'I really must stop doing these Weekend Comps.'
The Laughing Cavalier. 'Me take a bribe from Lockheed?'
DAVID DOUBTFIRE

Titian's *The Holy Family*: 'Shepherd Boy: Christ, Joseph . . . he's nothing like you.'
RUSSELL LUCAS

The Last Supper: 'Tell Hudson to bring another bottle of the AD Thirty-Two.'
TIM HOPKINS

Mona Lisa: 'Didn't he do well?'
MAY DAY

Boyhood of Raleigh: 'Then, when he's about so far, you get out the net-cutting gear . . . '
J. H. BENTLEY

Degas's *Absinthe*: 'Well, it doesn't make my heart grow fonder.'
JAMES DOWELL

Géricault's *Raft of the Medusa*: 'Do you really think the Liberals could do better?'
N. R. CARNE

Déjeuner sur l'Herbe: 'OK; Mayfair with two houses for your bra back?'
MICHAEL GROSVENOR MYER

Whistler's Mother: 'Such dreadful things on the box nowadays.'
W. MAY BYRON

Millais's *Ophelia*: 'No traveller returns – OK.'
UNITY JOHNSON

The Hay Wain: 'So this is Constable Country.'
ANDREW PAUL

The Burghers of Calais: 'Now all together, you burghers – "Fromage".'
W. S. BROWNLIE

Assiac
Chess Board

No 1371 Losing a Win

Easy enough, and while we've all done it we like to see someone else's plight, such as Evertz-Kieninger, Solingen 1964. /8/pp3p2/1b3p2/5p1P/1P1Pk3/P5B1/2K5/8/. Black could win quite easily by 1) . . . f4; instead he blundered . . . **Bd4:??** and was floored right away by **2) Bf4!!.**

Nothing very American about this, but along with some other significant European studies and game positions it found a rightful place in *Walter Korn's* 384 pages of *American Chess Art* (at *Pitman's* for £5.95), a most welcome and well selected and commented anthology from old E. B. Cook and Sam Loyd to fairly recent vintage. Here's a first prize winner (1958/9) by this column's old friend Edmund *Peckover* (who'll be 80 later this year). /2K5/2P5/1r6/8/7B/8/b3k3/8/. A draw.

1) Kd8,Rd6†; 2) Ke7,Rc6; 3) Kd7,Rh6! (queening square now taken care of by B-check); **4) Bf6!** (the idea being . . . Rf6:; 5) c8=Q,Be6†; 6) Ke7), **Bb1!; 5) Ke6,Rh5!; 6) Bg5!** (delightful echo), **Rh8; 7) Bd8,Rh5!; 8) Bg5,** and repetition.

Here (BCM 1945) is one of *Korn's* own pieces, a draw. /4k3/8/1p1r2P1/6KP/2P5/24/.

1) Kh6,Kf8; 2) Kh7,Rd7†; 3) Kh8,Rg7; 4) c5!,bc:; 5) h6,Rg6:; 6) h7, and stalemate; the other variant being **1) . . . Rd8; 2) g7,Kf7; 3) Kh7,Rg8; 4) h6,R any; 5) c5,bc.; 6) g8=Q†,Rg8:.**

Yet another draw-study, this time by A. H. *Branton* and H. *Rombach* (Canadian Chess Chat 1966): /6k1/4p1kt1/p3P3/P7/4p1pK/4P1R1/1r3Kt2/8/.

1) Ktd1! (Rg2? losing), **Rb1; 2) Rg1,Ktf5†; 3) Kg4:,Rd1:; 4) Kh5!†** R taboo on account of stalemate threat), **Ktg7†; 5) Kh6!,Rg1:;** stalemate.

One of the most gifted composers in the USA is R. *Brieger*; here's a remarkable win-study, *Tidskrift* 1972. /8/4B2K/8/p4p1k/2r3p1/R4r2/8/1B6/.

1) Ba2† Very shrewd since . . . Ra3: would now fail against 2) Bc4: and since the mating threat would force . . . g3 White would win by 3) Be2†, **Rff4** (best); **2) Bc4:,Rc4:; 3) Ra1!,Rc3!** And not . . . g3?? which would lose the R after 4) Rh1† & 5) Rh4†; **4) Ra5:!** Now . . . g3 would fail against 5) Ra4!, **Rf3; 5) Ra6,g3; 6) Rh6†,Kg4; 7) Rh4††.**

Finally (apart from the three Comp. pieces also taken from Walter's book) yet another *Peckover* draw-study. (*Szachy* 1957). /16/4p3/4p3/4P3/4Rpk1/2K5/8/.

1) Rd3,Kg2; 2) Rd2†,f2; 3) Kd3,Kg1; 4) Rd1†!,f1=Q†; 5) Ke3!!,Kg2 Obviously . . . Qd1 stalemate; **6) Rf1:;Kf1:; 7) Kf3,Ke1; 8) Ke3, =.**

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position with the great Sam forcing the issue for White. Helpful hints: Decoy at the start and Smother at the end. For 6 ladder-points **B** is a win. Helpful hint: one damned mating threat after another. **C** (for 7) also a win and also taking just over half a dozen moves to materialise. Usual prizes, entries by 8 March

A: Loyd-Rosenthal 1867: /1k5r/Ktpkt2p2/1Kt1p4/R1pPp3/4P1q1/1P2Pb2/1PPK4/5Q2/.

B: A. H. Branton 1953: /5kt2/1B1Pb3/2kt1Kt3/5p2/1p1p4/1P1k1p2/3P2P1/2K5/.

C: A. J. Roycroft 1972: /q7/5p2/3R4/4k3/7P/2K4B/5R2/8/.

Report on No 1368 *Set 6 February*

A: 1 dc:?,Ke7!! doesn't work; nor 1) Bc7:?,Rd8 Proper key is: **Qh1,0-0-0; 2) Qb††** or . . . **Kte6: 2) Re6:††;** or . . . **Kd8; 2) Qa8:††.**

B: 1) Ke6 (thr.Ktf6††), **Kte8; 2) Ke7,Ktg7; 3 Kf7,** and now . . . Ktf5 fails against 4) Ktf6†† and . . . Kth5 against 4) Kte3††.

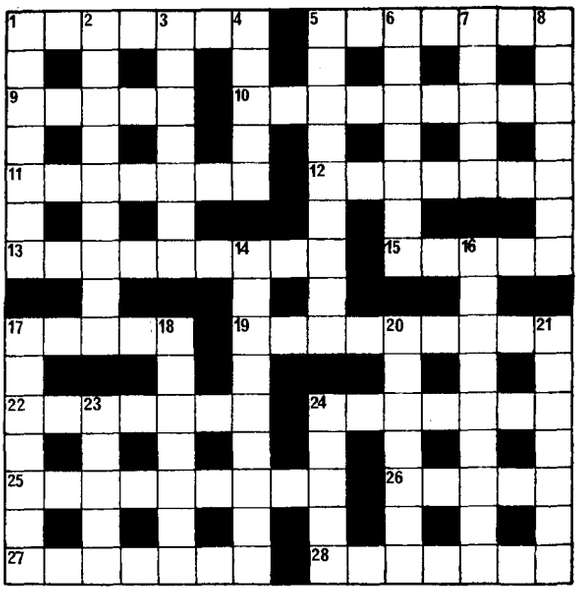
C: 1) h7†,Kh8; 2) Bg7†!,Kh7:; 3) Ba1†!,Kh6; 4 Rc6:†,Kh5; 5) Kb2!!,h1=Q; 6) Rh6,Kh6; stalemate

Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, D. Cohen, W. H M. Lemmey (16), C. J. McSheehy, R. G Shrubsall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1153

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1153, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 9 Mar.



ACROSS

1. Birds are heavenly creatures without intelligence (7).
5. Present at present but not in any place (7).
9. Caught in slip of wood, used to open door (5).
10. Workers' organisations don't quite turn to the right (9).
11. No raids develop into incursions (7).
12. Impure combination of relative and indefinite article (7).
13. The man of honour would sacrifice himself to get a lover (9).
15. Food for a journey to the Orient (5).
17. Plant amid those dumb creatures (5).
19. Important moment when a solemn tie is broken (9).
22. It is capital to go into a river soon (7).
24. Isn't it a mess, the work of this painter? (7).
25. Sixth age character (9).
26. Basin which puts a fish in hazard (5).
27. Easy chances for models (7).
28. Wild aimless girl (7).

DOWN

1. Writer discovers something precious in gravity (7).
2. The North wrongly goes into action when deprived of seat (9).
3. Cooks his meal for a Biblical outcast (7).
4. Seats which are not quite as firm (5).
5. 'In shadiest covert hid, Tunes her —— note' (Milton) (9).
6. Picture revealed by gap in trees? (7).
7. Chosen from novel items on the list (5).
8. 'History is the —— if innumerable biographies' (Carlyle) (7).
14. They help me to remember people following me on foot (9).
16. Soldiers put one of the contestants in fetters (9).
17. Punishment as a sign of rank (7).
18. Where boats are kept so that Othello is on time (7).
20. Where a watery creature is found outside the water container (7).
21. Play with messy treacle (7).
23. Music with nothing catchy in it? (5).
24. A note either way (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1151

Prizewinners to No 1151

G. Fyffe (London SW7)
Mrs E. M. Tector (Birmingham)
Brian Dobson (Burnley)

APPOINTMENTS

JOINT COUNCIL FOR THE WELFARE OF IMMIGRANTS

needs

DEPUTY GENERAL SECRETARY

Experience in Immigration/Race Relations not essential but useful. Campaigning and administrative background vital.

Salary: £2,800 p.a.

Application forms from 44 Theobalds Road, London WC1.

For informal talk, contact Sue Joel, 405 5956.

UNIVERSITY OF REGINA
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

has an opening for a

FACULTY POSITION

in the

HUMAN JUSTICE SERVICES PROGRAM

The successful candidate will assist in developing a program of research and instruction for students with varied experimental and academic backgrounds, leading to a certificate and/or degree. The proposed program is flexible, but it is anticipated that it will relate to people's perception of formal and informal justice systems, and the interaction of these perceptions with the community, police, court, correctional and rehabilitative programs. Emphasis will be placed on an experimental and research approach. There will also be an applied dimension in the program. Teaching and research in the program will be a major responsibility.

QUALIFICATIONS:
An academic background with considerable appropriate experience. Canadian experience preferred.

SALARY:
Commensurate with education and experience.
Range:
$14,540-$21,083 (Assistant Professor)
$19,083-$26,963 (Associate Professor)

CLOSING DATE:
As soon as appropriate candidates are available.

SUBMIT APPLICATIONS TO:
Otto H. Driedger, Director, Human Justice Services Program, University of Regina, Campion College, East Podium, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, S4S 0A2.

Phone: 584-4776. Area Code 306.

SOLON HOUSING ASSOCIATION

ACCOUNTANT

Solon is a housing association organised as a tenant/worker co-operative. There is a high level of tenant involvement in its management, and the principle of operating in small area-based groups is firmly established.

We are seeking an accountant to co-ordinate the accounting and financial activities of the Association, and who will make a positive contribution to the development of the Association.

We can offer a flexible working environment in a unique housing organisation. Salary around £4,000. Location south London.

Telephone Andy Dunning on 01-274 9998/9/0 for initial discussions.

BRITISH AIRLINE PILOTS' ASSOCIATION

wishes to recruit a young graduate as **Assistant Industrial Relations Officer.** Experience in committee work, research and report writing desirable. Salary scale £3,311 - £4,313 per annum.

Applications to:

Deputy General Secretary,
B A L P A,
81 New Road, Harlington,
Hayes, Middlesex.

ASTMS

requires a

DIVISIONAL OFFICER

to operate in the South East.

Salary commences at £5,106 p.a. rising to £5,556 p.a. after three years (plus £104 tax free allowance and London weighting if appropriate).

Only applicants with specialist collective bargaining experience need apply.

Further details of position and application form may be obtained from: **Clive Jenkins, General Secretary, ASTMS, 10-26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

ASTMS

requires a

DIVISIONAL OFFICER

to operate from our Durham Office.

Salary commences at £5,106 p.a. rising to £5,556 p.a. after three years (plus £104 tax free allowance).

Only applicants with specialist collective bargaining experience need apply.

Further details of position and application form may be obtained from: **Clive Jenkins, General Secretary, ASTMS, 10-26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

£4,000

HOLLOWAY TENANT CO-OPERATIVE

requires

DEVELOPMENT MANAGER

to set up a half million pound housing programme.

Further information: ring **263 0761 or apply to Tricia Duhan, 107 Tollington Way, London N7.**

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Leisure Services Department
Youth and Community Division

FULL TIME YOUTH AND COMMUNITY WORKERS

We require suitably qualified and experienced persons for these posts in the Youth and Community Service. We have vacancies in a variety of settings, for team leaders in new purpose built youth centres associated with leisure centres, for leaders of purpose built statutory and voluntary youth centres and for a detached youth and community worker. Additionally, we have vacancies for youth workers (including an unqualified trainee post) who will also be members of full time teams. A number of the vacancies are for new youth centres in the course of construction as the service is still developing and is not subject to the 'Cinderella syndrome.' The salaries range from JNC scale 3 points 2-6 (£3,537-£4,008) to JNC scale 4 points 5-9 (£4,524-£5,100). The salary for the trainee post will be within the range £1,989-£2,313. Our colleagues work in the arts, sport, libraries and countryside divisions, but you can find out more about us by talking to our Assistant Director, Gerald Tomany on Nottingham 811522. Further details and application forms are available from **Wyndham Heycock BA, Director of Leisure Services, Youth and Community Division, 2A Oxford Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham** to whom completed forms should be returned by 15 March 1976. (Previous applicants need not re-apply). Please quote reference 145.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNITY WORKERS

Are you interested in

— working in a deprived neighbourhood of an expanding industrial area ?

— helping local people to organise themselves to gain increased control over issues which affect their lives, such as decaying housing, utterly inadequate amenities, overcrowded schools, etc.?

— using community development methods in an experimental project in a challenging team situation ?

There is a vacancy for an experienced worker in such a post at a project which is one of a dozen sponsored by

YOUNG VOLUNTEER FORCE FOUNDATION,

the largest national independent community and youth work organisation. YVFF employ the team of three field workers and a centre administrator, and are looking for an experienced community development worker who can show evidence of ability to work in team and agency structures. The person appointed will work alone, but support will be available within the team and from YVFF.

Pension scheme, salary on scale AP3/5, £2,922 - £4,095, entry point according to experience.

Apply: **Pam Marshall, 7 Leonard Street, London EC2; 01-251 0672.**

EDUCATION OFFICER

required by the

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

for the Midlands. Mainly organising and administrative duties related to trade union education and training programmes. Centred on Birmingham.

Particulars from
General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS.

International Humanitarian Work

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

This is a new appointment in a small but well-known international body with its administrative headquarters in London. The job involves regular contact with the United Nations and with governments.

It offers exacting work, essentially charitable but also political (i.e. case-work and campaigning are combined).

It demands presence, firmness and diplomacy in discussion, high administrative skills, compassion and political sensitivity.

The starting salary for the present vacancy will be for individual negotiation, at not less than £6,000 p.a. The appointment could well lead in due course to the principal executive position which is recognised as justifying substantially more.

Letters of application will be handled in confidence by the consultant:

M. J. Graham-Jones,
The Faculties Partnership,
177 Vauxhall Bridge Road,
LONDON, SW1V 1ER

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited for appointment to the following:

FACULTY OF ECONOMICS

READER IN ECONOMETRICS:

Appointment will be in the Department of Statistics. Applicants should have a good research and teaching background in areas of applied or theoretical econometric investigation.

SALARY: Salary as Reader $A20,909 per annum.

OTHER CONDITIONS - Tenure: To retiring age (65 years). Reasonable travel expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available.

The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Further particulars and application forms should be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF

Applications close on 30 April 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES, BARBADOS

Applications are invited for the post of

SENIOR LECTURER/ LECTURER IN GOVERNMENT,

from persons competent in the field of Public Administration, with special interest in Personnel Administration and Industrial Relations.

Salary scales (under review): Senior Lecturer BDS $18,108-BDS$26,730 p.a. Lecturer BDS$13,200 - BDS$20,904 p.a. (£1 sterling = BDS$4.05). FSSU. Study and Travel Grant. Unfurnished accommodation will be let by the University at a rental of 10% of salary, or a housing allowance of 20% of salary will be paid. Up to five full passages (at approved rates) on appointment and on normal termination.

Detailed applications (six copies) including a curriculum vitae naming three referees should be sent as soon as possible to the Registrar, University of the West Indies, Mona, Kingston 7, Jamaica. The University will send further particulars to all applicants. These particulars may also be obtained from the Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0BT.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

CHAIR OF SOCIOLOGY
(READVERTISEMENT)

Applications are invited for the above Chair now vacant in the Department of Sociology.

Further particulars from The Secretary, The University, Aberdeen with whom applications (2 copies) should be lodged by 25 March 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM

DEPARTMENT OF ADULT EDUCATION

RESEARCH OFFICER

Applications are invited for the post of Research Officer to conduct research into the development and effects of a new Community Education Project at Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.

The appointment will be for a period of five years and will be on the salary scale £6,234-£7,742 tenable from 1 May 1976 or as soon as possible thereafter.

Applicants should be graduates, preferably in the social sciences, and experience of teaching in both schools and adult education will be an advantage.

Application forms, returnable not later than 12 March 1976, are obtainable from the Staff Appointments Officer, University of Nottingham, University Park, Nottingham, quoting Ref. No. 469.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

RESEARCHER FOR LATIN AMERICAN DEPARTMENT

Principal requirements: Personal experience and specialist knowledge of Latin America. Excellent English and Spanish; legal or research training with previous job experience essential. Interest in human rights and good political judgment.

Work involves preparing individual prisoner biographies, background reports, briefing missions and occasional travel. The candidate will formulate policy and run campaigns. Valid passport essential.

Salary £3,303 p.a. Closing date: 15 March 1976.

Further details and application forms from Admin. Manager, 53 Theobalds Road, London WC1X 8SP.

Applications only from those available for interview in London, Paris or New York.

ART GALLERY ASSISTANT required end of March to work afternoons, Mon.-Fri in small gallery off Holborn. Typing essential. Apply Ganymed Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836.

SUMMERHILL SCHOOL, Leiston, Suffolk Art/Pottery teacher wanted May 1976 Exoerience an advantage. Residential Salary negotiable. Write, Ena Neill.

SECRETARY – HOUSING CO-OPERATIVES The National Federation of Housing Associations based in the Strand, requires a Secretary for their Co-operative Housing Development Officer. The successful applicant will be a competent audio/copy typist with good knowledge of English grammar capable of organising an office around an energetic, but untidy innovator. We operate a flexi-hour system and salary range is £2,000-£2,200 p.a. with luncheon vouchers. Applications to Ms Carol Hogan, NFHA 86 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 2741

CO-ORDINATOR needed to work on developing training programmes for community and youth workers, teachers activists etc. as well as in-service training for community resource organisation Co-operative working situation. Contact Annette Drago, Inter-action, 14 Talacre Road, London NW5. 01-267 1422.

STORE MANAGER – West End. Roots, the original Canadian recessed heel shoe, opens its first British store in London's West End in March. Require intelligent, dynamic person with warm and friendly personality Retail sales experience asked and hopefully shoe-store experience. Successful candidate should be interested in and able to expand with us. Details please to: Roots 100, Wigmore St, London W1H 9DR.

SECRETARY REQUIRED for two Labour MPs. Salary £2,500. Apply to Box 3163

SECRETARY/PA TO WAR ON WANT General Secretary. I'm looking for an efficient, qualified secretary. The job includes normal office work, servicing Management committees, and involvement in most aspects of this lively charity's work. If you've the ability and the commitment please apply in writing to Peter Burn 467 Caledonian Road, London N7 9B Closing date: 10 March.

FOR SECRETARIAL POSTS with a Social Service bias. Charities etc, why not contact Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street London EC4. 01-353 7696.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionis urgently required for doctors and hospital perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 12 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

TALENTED TEMPS will find Temping fo Covent Garden particularly rewarding an our clients especially appreciative. Jo us now. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fle Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

Publications

SALE! SALE! SALE! Hundreds of u repeatable book bargains. Now to Satu day, 6 March. Open six days a wee Collet's London Bookshop, 64/66 Charin Cross Rd, WC2H 0BD.

POETRY DIMENSION ANNUAL 3 e Dannie Abse, incl. Basil Bunting's 'Yea Recollected'; Carlos Baker on Pound Venice; Spender on Muir; Irving Howe Sylvia Plath. Poems by Larkin, Hughe Betjeman and many others. Paperba (223 pages) £1.60 from bookshops £1.75 (incl. p&p) from Robson Books, 2 Poland Street, London W1.

NS 1970-75 (6 bound) £20. Newswe 1972-75 £8. All issues clean. £25 lot ½ carriage. John Chew, Newstead, Melros Scotland.

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE, WORL Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Ha 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, al new books at reduced prices, all at Wor of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine conc tion bought by D. Levin, 13 Grape Stree London WC2. 01-240 2376.

REVIEW COPIES. We are large buyers review copies and of collections of boo in fine condition on all subjects, includi quality paper-backs. R. A. Boon, Boo sellers, 348 Upper St, N1. 01-359 119 Open daily incl. Sat. 9.30 a.m.-5.30 p.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Accommodation Vacant

HAMPSTEAD basement flat suit. 2 prof. Algarve patio villa. 01-435 0771/1213.

MUSWELL HILL FLAT. 3 lge rms, kit., bthrm. 10 mins from tube. Box 3189.

HENDON. Single room in pretty house. Share kitchen, bath. C.h. £12 p.w. incl. Ring 203 4195 evenings.

AROUND TOWN FLATS, specialists Central London furn. flats & houses Kensington, Chelsea, Bayswater etc. Long/short terms. 120 Holland Park Avenue, W11. 229 9966.

RIVERSIDE flatlet, quiet tenant, own repairs. Neglected hse, gdn. Some help welcomed. 20 miles London. Refs. Box 3198.

MOULSFORD-ON-THAMES: 2 rooms in large, comfortable house. Suit academic or professional. Easy commuting from London. £10 per week. exclusive. Phone 0491 651387 after 7 p.m.

CORNWALL – Tamar Valley. Cottage sleeps 2. Secluded village within easy reach of market town and beaches. Recently redecorated keeping unique cottage features, £26 p.w. including c.h. St Dominick 431.

Accommodation Wanted

TEACHER, female, requires own room etc., in N/NE London. Tel. 551 2783.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, wife, seeks furnished flat, 6 weeks, April-mid May. Central London. Margaret Shenton, 342 Palmerston Blvd, Toronto, Canada.

JOURNALIST, f., 38, kind, companionable, tidy, seeks share NW3/8, etc. 722 0263.

HELEN WATSON & CO. require flats for visiting academics. 637 4863.

Property

FOR SALE in Central London WC1. Freehold shop and basement plus self-contained flat, large lounge, 2 bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom, all newly decorated. Secondary position, short distance from Kings Cross station, near three large tourist hotels. Suit specialist trade. £21,000 o.n.o. Might let at £50 p.w. Reply Box 3175.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Secretarial

PETER COXSON Academic and Literary Typing. 876 5306; 584 0198.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

RAINBOW OFFICE SERVICES for efficient typing and duplicating. Collection and delivery by arrangement. Phone 460 3430.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes & Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts. 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

BETTERTYPE SECRETARIAL SERVICES. Mss, theses, etc., (incl. French) professionally typed. Reasonable rates. 794 4132.

TYPEWRITING of books, complicated manuscripts, theses; Italian, French or German if required. Reasonable rates. 021-476 9259.

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3), intelligent, accurate, fast. Books/theses. 267 0673.

Holidays

OVERLAND TO MOROCCO. 23 day treks incl. France & Spain. Monthly deps. £99. Brochure: Capricorn Tours, 21 Ebury Bridge Road, London SW1. 01-730 0657.

LANGUEDOC. Close lake/river Hérault (swimming, boating). 25 Kms Montpellier. Village hse, 3 bdrms, new bathrm, sleep 5, (except 24 July-18 Sept.). 01-858 3477.

KIRKDALE SCHOOL CAMPS for children of 7 to 16. Good camping holidays at Easter, Whitsun and in the summer. Tel. 01-778 0149 evenings or weekends.

3,000 TEACHERS in Holland, Britain, Germany, France, Switz. etc. exchange or let their homes in hols. NS. Hinloopen, Eng. Master, 35 Stetweg, Castricum, Holland.

OVERLAND TO INDIA incl. Middle East & Holy Land. Choice of 3 exciting routes from £160. Brochure: Capricorn Tours, 21 Ebury Bridge Road. SW1. 01-730 0657.

CHILDREN'S ADVENTURE BREAKS. Camping, canoeing, hiking. Weekly/weekends. Ashpools, Chapel Lane, Northall, Dunstable. 0525 (Eaton Dray) 220591 evenings.

REPLYING TO BOX NUMBERS

Replies to Box Numbers should be addressed as follows:

Box . . . .
New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ

Replies are forwarded by first class post to the advertiser, unopened, on the same day as they are received at the New Statesman office.

On no account will the identity of any Box Number advertiser be revealed by the New Statesman to a respondent.

LANGUEDOC; village house, not available July, August. £15-£25 p.w. 607 2108.

CO. KERRY, EIRE. Farmhse overlooking Dingle Bay, v. beautiful, mod. cons. Avail. except August. 01-435 8253. Box 3229.

NORTH WALES. Hillside cottage. 2 miles Harlech. All electric. Fully furnished. Sleep 6. 2 reception and studio. Available May-September inclusive. Another similar cottage near main road available from June. Box 3114.

DO YOU WANT to learn about Acting? 5-day Courses, Easter & Summer. Thorndike Theatre, Leatherhead, and Chepstow Theatre, Kensington. Syllabus: Mrs Hore, 38 Hillsboro' Road, London SE22. 01-946 2161.

WELSH HILLS. Superb sit. all comforts. D. b.& b. £24 ea.p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw LL27 0QA. Llanrwst 640566.

HOLIDAYS FOR THINKING PEOPLE. Albania, China, Cuba, Ethiopia, Faroes, GDR, Greenland, Iceland, Libya, USSR Brochures (state countries required) from Regent Holidays, Regent House, Regent St, Shanklin, I.o.W. Tel. 4212, 4225 (STD 098386) or 13 Small St, Bristol BS1 1DE. Tel. 211711/12 (STD 0272).

Students

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

USA SUMMER JOBS. Ranches, resorts, etc. up to £100 p.w. Send £3.30 for directory listing 90,000 jobs to Vac-Work, 9 Park End St, Oxford.

Personal

ADOPTIVE PARENTS

LUCY is nearly 4 years old. Because of brain damage at birth she was not expected to live. However, with the invaluable help she received from her p/t foster mother and the staff at her residential nursery, Lucy has made excellent progress and her handicaps have been greatly minimised. She is mentally retarded but will soon be ready for ESN Schooling and she is partially sighted. She walks, talks and feeds herself: she is happy and loving.

We are looking for adoptive parents who can give her the individual attention she needs, who can understand the very special difficulties of bringing up a handicapped child and who can enjoy the rewards that such a challenge can bring.

Please reply to: MISS THORPE, LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWN HAMLETS, SOCIAL SERVICES DEPT, ARCHER HOUSE, 193/9 BOW ROAD, LONDON E3.

01-980 4422 Ext. 16.

LEBANON
DIRECT RELIEF

100,000 innocent people are homeless in cold weather. £2 will feed a family for one week. We guarantee that every penny given will be converted into food and given to certified needy families within two weeks of receipt, through experienced welfare workers, without any loss or deduction for administration. We have already sent £10,000 but more help is desperately needed. Help is given on basis of need only, without regard to race or religion.

Send your gift please to the Rev. Dr I. Morgan, Lebanon Direct Relief Fund, Bible Lands Society The Old Kiln, High Wycombe, Bucks. (Est. 1854).

BEFORE FINALS, student of English and German, trainee teacher, wishes to assist at school, boarding school etc., 1-31 March in exchange for board. Gisela Fritz, Stockle-strasse 10, 74 Tubingen, W. Germany.

SOUTH BUCKS/HERTS/BERKS. Seems difficult to meet prof. Statesman-like people. 40+, interested current affairs, country life, occ. social activities. Existing group? Or anyone interested form one? Box 3200.

WRITER engaged on experimental novel, sks mutually advantageous collaboration of philosophically-minded young woman. Oxford/Brighton or vicinity. Box 3108.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL GROUP formed 5 yrs ago as result of NS ad.; now somewhat scattered. Would any other unattached people, 35-45, like to get together in Leeds area? Box 2826.

TUSCANY. Really nice house, beautiful mountain village nr Lucca (5 dble bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc). £150-£300 p.m. Iacopucci, via Francesi, 55026 Bagni di Lucca Fornoli.

BOOKSHOP FOR SALE. High St position in busy town near S. Coast. Turnover £30,000 p.a. plus. Box 3170.

FOR SALE. NS, Spectator, Everyman Supps. 1926-35. Prints by Max, Low, Dyson, Kapp, Bone. Inquiries. S.a.e. Box 3182.

VERY FEMININE GIRL sought by lonely similar (female) for sincere relationship. NE Surrey, under 30. No males. Box 3211.

DO YOU PREFER INDIVIDUALITY to Anonymity? Come and enjoy yourself in the Progressive League with others like you. Discussions on controversial topics; weekend conferences; social activities. For details send s.a.e. to the Secretary (N10), Progressive League, Albion Cottage, Fortis Green, London N2.

JOIN GROUP looking at methods in psychoanalytically based group therapy led by experienced psychotherapist (formerly at a London teaching hospital). 01-748 1094 10.30 to 6.0; 01-789 0506 after 7.30 p.m.

PSYCHOANALYST, 32 Nevern Place, London SW5. Appointments per post.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, psychologist, formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

ASSOC. FOR GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL Psychotherapy offers psychotherapy sessions. Arrangements for those with lower income. Initial interview. Box 3195.

DEVELOP CONFIDENCE/overcome depression/tension, etc. Psychotherapist P. Millin has helped many people. (01) 800 4045.

'UP TIGHT' has become a common colloquial expression. We have all experienced it, yet too few of us do anything about it. Hatha Yoga will teach you to relax. And it's so, so easy. Call the Yoga Studio now! Phone 01-935 6549, 6 Paddington St, London W1.

FEMALE, divorced with one child at home. At present living in Devon. Would like to find a man in similar circumstances who would enjoy a holiday abroad this summer, sharing expenses. (I own a car). Box 3162.

CREATIVE WRITER, published, male, 33, divorced, kind, good-looking, seeks artistic lady share summer, creativity and expenses abroad. Box 3064.

LONDON F., 33, div., son 12, daughter 9, intd friend/companionship unattached m. professional status. Please write Box 3180.

MALE GRADUATE, 44, tied, but would like to meet interesting woman for friendship. Age, status, unimportant. Bristol, S. Wales or London area. Box 3159.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 41, would like to meet unattached man of similar age, with academic & social interests, preferably in Yorkshire area. Box 2825.

WIDELY TRAVELLED and interested young lady, good background, warm-hearted, likes home-life as well as going out, petite, well-dressed, but separated and with v. slight limp, seeks sincere, kind, cultured man over 38. Box 3135.

CANTAB 49-52. No glittering prize can I offer but a solid* competence to contemporary (or later) Newnham/Girton graduate, seeking potential partnership in the post-Raphaelite era. Major enthusiasms: music & tennis. Minor ones include good food & wine, Times crossword, bridge, sailing or skiing in the sun. Box 3215. *Some critics maintain this is a misreading for 'sullied'.

ATTRACTIVE PROF. woman, 52, divorcée, living London, nature-lover, affectionate, artistic, sportive, adaptable, longing to find meaningful, loving relationship with man of intelligence, integrity and kindness. (55+) Box 2973.

WILL EDUCATED, sensible woman, 40-45, like to meet mature man, 53, for friendship/marriage? Box 3206.

MATURE. educated prof. Frenchwoman living abroad (USA). No ties, seeks congenial friends (either sex) for lasting friendship. Intd music, books, arts, travel, home, pets, gardening. In England 1976. Box 3092.

DOCTOR wishes serious relationship with lady over 45. Scottish Midlands. Box 3171.

PROF. WOMAN, div., youthful 48, attractive blonde, sense of humour, seeks kind, considerate, educated gentleman. Friendship/poss. marriage. Box 3147.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN, often inwardly alienated, futile, angry, purposeless, sometimes also enjoys life, uninspired by superficial social contacts, longs to love woman who needs him but could respond likewise. Box 3199.

WOMAN, attractive, wishes meet unattached, sincere gentleman, varied & artistic ints, tall, non-smoker, 40s. Box 3228.

WITHIT 49 wonders whether wonderful woman would welcome whoopee without wedding. Box 3232.

'NOTHING IS GOOD OR FAIR, ALONE'. Everybody is somebody's ideal partner. You may be the answer to one of our clients' prayers! Write or 'phone London's premier intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

PRESTIGE PARTNERS. London's most exclusive Friendship & Marriage Bureau, for professionals, academics & executives. Representatives throughout the country. Prestige Partners (NS), 34 Baker Street, London W1M 1DG. Ring 01-487 5797.

MARRIAGE & ADVICE BUREAU. Katharine Allen (ex-Welfare Officer Ministry of Labour, War Office, Foreign Office). Personal introductions. 7 Sedley Pl., W1. 499 2556.

FRIENDSHIP MARRIAGE CENTRE caters for educated people, all ages, nationwide. Est. 10 yrs. Confidential details to: M/C, 74m Amhurst Park, London N16.

DUREX REDUCE PRICES: FPA pass on the reductions—and more! Save 90p on 3 dozen Nu-form or Fetherlite (now £2.32 post-paid); save £4.29 on 12 dozen (now £8.67 postpaid). Send to Family Planning Association's mail-order service: Dept. NSN 11, F P Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford.

REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPTION TEST can give reliable and confidential results even before period is late. Available only from Belmont Laboratories, £5. Send specimen and fee to: Belmont Laboratories, 188 Brent Crescent, London NW10 7XT. (Tel: 01-965 1477).

BECOME A SUBSCRIBER

Please send the New Statesman each week for three months/six months/one year (delete words not applicable) to:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

I enclose remittance for .....

Signed .....

***ANNUAL subscription rates (three and six months pro-rata)**

UK £10.40; surface mail to all other countries £11.50.

By air: North America $34.80 (£14.50); Europe and Israel £14.50; all other countries £16.00; HM Forces £14.50.

Cut out the coupon above (or write details on separate sheet if you do not wish to cut your copy) and post it with your remittance to: **Subscriptions Supervisor, New Statesman 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ**

THE WAY IN

to London's most sociable club, where you can meet doctors, teachers, social workers and other professional and business people.
Write:

THE WAY-IN CLUB
6 Horseshoe Yard, Brook St., London W1, or phone 01-629 2328 anytime.

CONTRACEPTIVES

24 DUREX Gossamer	£1.10
36 Nuform / Fetherlite	£2.25
12 U.S.A. Stimula	£2.00
12 Swedish BLACKS	£1.20
23 International Assorted	£2.10
11 Variation "Fun" Pack	£1.60

SUMMIT DISTRIBUTIONS LTD.
Tamworth (N12), Staffs. B79 7SP
Please add 15p for p. & p.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN
Vol. 91 No. 2345

Contents

244 **James Fenton:** Spotlight on Politics
245 **Alexander Cockburn:** New Hampshire's Hidden Victor
246 **David Leitch:** A 'Non' from Comrade Marchais
247 **Christopher Hitchens:** Can Labour Hold Coventry?
248 **K. S. Karol:** The Peking Three
248 **Roger Woddis:** The Visit
250 **Corinna Adam:** St Paul's Decay
252 **Howard Glennerster:** In Praise of Public Expenditure
255 **Peter Wilby:** What Price Foreign Students?
256 **Crucifer:** London Diary
257 **John Morgan:** Wales for Ever?
257 **Arthur Marshall:** First Person
258 **Letters to the Editor**

Books and Arts
261 *Alan Ryan:* Isaiah Berlin
262 **John Carey:** Dickens the Mesmerist

Other reviews by John Naughton, Craig Raine, Victoria Glendenning, Valentine Cunningham
265 **Mervyn Levy:** L. S. Lowry
266 **Bayan Northcott:** BBC Music
267 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
268 **Dennis Potter:** Television
269 **John Coleman:** Films
270 **Weekend Competition and Chess**
271 **Crossword**

Exhibitions

L. S. LOWRY original lithographs, signed limited editions of 75, £200 plus VAT each. Ganymed, 1 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836.

TATE GALLERY. Millbank, SW1. Constable. Until 25 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. *Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Sun.* 11.30-6. Adm. 50p. Season Ticket £1.20. Schoolchildren, students, pensioners, half price.

Theatres

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert St, W1. 01-485 6224. 'Tsafendas' by William Tanner, dir. by Tessa Marwick. 1.15 daily.

CITIZENS' THEATRE presents Citizens' Theatre Company in 'Mirandolina'. 041-429 0022.

EMBASSY THEATRE, Swiss Cottage. 'All My Sons', 10, 11, 12 March at 7.30. 'A Penny for a Song', 17, 18, 19 at 7.30. Box Office open 2-6 p.m. Tel. 722 8186.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Eves at 8, Sats at 5 & 8 'You'll Never be Michelangelo', a comedy by Roger Milner, until 13 March. Prices 90p & £1.50.

IPSWICH THEATRE. 0473-53725. 10-27 March, 'Hamlet', with Giles Block, Hazel Douglas, Richard Mayes. Sponsored by Northgate Schools Foundation.

OLD VIC. The National Theatre. 928 7616. Thurs. 7.30 'Watch It Come Down' by John Osborne. Fri. 7 & Sat. 1.30 'Hamlet'. Sat. 8.15, 'Tribute to the Lady'.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30. James Bolam, Jane Asher & Stephen Moore in Christopher Hampton's play 'Treats'. 'Sensational . . .' S.T. 'Very funny . . .' Observer.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. 27 Feb.-3 March, in repertory, Molière 'The School for Wives'. Sir John Vanbrugh, 'The Relapse'. Details: RADA, 62 Gower Street, London WC1. 636 7076.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
60p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal 85p Display, centimetre £3.50
Send copy to arrive Tuesday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. From Tues. 2 March, 'Murder with Love', a new thriller by Francis Durbridge.

Poetry

NATIONAL POETRY CENTRE, 21 Earls Court Sq. SW5. 27 Feb. George Buchanan at 7.30. 5 March contd on Sat. Children's Festival Weekend. Sessions on Friday at 7.30 and Saturday at 3.30 and 7.30 p.m.

Entertainments

AFRICAN DANCE/DRUMMING WORKSHOP. Practical sessions Sat. 13 March, 10-4.30 p.m. Fee £4. Please book early. Ring Margy 836 1973, Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A course of two lectures will be given by Professor Robert Weimann (East Germany) on 5 and 8 March, 1976 at King's College (Room 3B20), Strand, WC2. Lecture I (5 March): 'The Concept of Tradition Reconsidered', and Lecture II (8 March): 'The Decline of the Elizabethan Scene individable'. Both lectures will take place at 5.30 p.m. Adm. free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Hedda Gabler' will be given by Professor Bjorn Hemmer (University of Trondheim) on 11 March, 1976 at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, London WC1 at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 2 March 'Changing Concepts in Student Mental Health' by Dr C. J. Lucas; 4 March 'Ionospheres of Dead Stars and Living Galaxies' by Professor R. L. F. Boyd.

HANSFORD-MILLER, ENP, in Wales 28 Feb. 3 p.m. Aberystwyth Univ.: Leicester, Sec. Soc. 29 Feb. 6.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON:

A course of three lectures will be given by Professor Cesare Segre (University of Pavia, Italy) as follows:

Lecture I: (9 March 1976) 'Varietà strutturale nelle novelle del Decameron' University College London (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, London WC1, at 5 p.m.

Lecture II: (10 March 1976) 'Storia interna dell' Orlando Furioso' Birkbeck College (Dilke House) Italian Department, Fifth Floor, Malet Street, London WC1 at 6 p.m.

Lecture III: (11 March 1976) 'La critica italiana del dopoguerra' Bedford College (Herringham Building – Room 43), Regent's Park, London NW1 at 5.15 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET

Academic Registrar

ONE PARENT FAMILIES: 'Child interim benefit, cash or con?'. Public meeting organised by Gingerbread, Thurs. 4 March 7.30, Central Hall, Westminster. Speakers: Margaret Bramall, Frank Field, Stephanie Holt.

'WOMEN IN THE UN DISARMAMENT Decade', Grand Committee Room, House of Commons 6.30 p.m. Wed. 3 Mar. Speakers: Frank Field, Director UNA, Constance Cummings-John, JP, Organised by UNA & Women for World Disarmament.

ARGENTINA – repression and resistance – public meeting to launch Argentina Support Movement, with recent colour film in English; and open discussion led by Stan Thorne MP and panel including Argentinian lawyer, recently released political prisoner, and Christopher Roper, Thursday, 11 March, 7 p.m., New Theatre, LSE, Houghton Street, WC1.

York Festival & Mystery Plays

11 June—4 July 1976

At least 350 events & performances in 3½ weeks including:

York Cycle of Mystery Plays
Director Jane Howell

Amadeus Quartet Claudio Arrau Janet Baker Sir Adrian Boult Richard Cassilly Alan Hacker Amaryllis Fleming The King's Singers Hephzibah Menuhin Paul Tortelier and others

London Symphony Orchestra Monteverdi Choir & Orchestra BBC Northern Symphony Orchestra Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra Northern Sinfonia Orchestra Scottish Baroque Ensemble City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra Grimethorpe Colliery Band

Scottish Opera York Festival Opera London Contemporary Dance Theatre York Theatre Royal Company

Pop Art Films Jazz Folk Poetry and much much more

Booking now open
For brochure and booking form send a DL stamped addressed envelope to:
The Administrator, Room L/N, York Festival & Mystery Plays, 1 Museum Street, York YO1 2DT

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'Art as Psychotherapy': Diana Halliday B-ès-L (Lille), ATR. Tuesday, 2 March, 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Visitors welcomed 20p. (Students 10p).

DIAMOND COMMISSION: Fabian Seminar with Lord Diamond, Peter Townsend, Derek Robinson. Sat. 6 March, 10.30-4 p.m. 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 75p.

'BLACK MAN'S LAND': three 50 min documentary films: 'White Man's Country', 'Mau Mau', 'Kenyatta'. Wed. 3 March 6.30 p.m. Adm. 75p, Students 50p. Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2. 836 1973

'CHURCH & CHILE': Chairman Lord Soper Shrove Tuesday, 2 March at 8 p.m. In House of Commons. Room booked by Ron Lewis MP. All welcome. Christian Socialist Movement.

MAPAM-BUNIM SHAMIR, Secretary World Union Mapam, Israel, will speak 'Whither Israel?'. Sunday, 29 February, 8.15 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. All welcome.

SAVE ENGLAND CRUSADE. St George's Day Festival of Song, Dance, Music & Drama. Easter Monday, Trafalgar Sq. 2 p.m to dusk. Participants invited. 01-852 0627

'THE MYTH OF THE STATE': Peter Cadogan. Sun. 29 Feb. 11 a.m. Tuesday discussion on theme 'Grounds for Hope' Tues. 2 Mar. 7 p.m. 'The Scope for Personal Action': Colin Hutchinson. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq., WC1. 01-242 8032/3.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Sq, London SW1. Sat. 28 Feb. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 2 March, 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 3 March, 6.30 p.m. Public lecture 'Japan, an evening of Colour Slides & Informal Comments'. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, 54 Holland Pk, W11 3RS. Sun. 29 Feb. at 5 p.m. Prof. E. G. Parrinder of King's College, 'Faith and the World'. All welcome Vedanta magazine 40p.

THEOSOPHY. Public Talk & Questions Sun. 29 Feb. 8 p.m. Free. 'Man's Spiritual Progress'. S.a.e. for programme, book list & literature. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens. London W2 3AL.

TOM JACKSON
Gen. Secretary of the UPW.
Subject:
'Trade Unions, the Government and Crises'
CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY
7.30 p.m. 3 March
5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1.
Collection. All welcome.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL
TOM MBOYA MEMORIAL
LECTURE
Rt Hon.
DAVID ENNALS MP
'Southern Africa in Crisis'
Chairman: Professor Kirkwood
Buxton Hall, Ruskin College, Oxford
Wednesday, 3 March 1976
4.30 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

Courses

DEGREE, GCE and Professional courses In the comfort of your own home by qualified tutors from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford correspondence college (founded 1894) and Accredited by CACC. Free prospectus from W. M. M. Milligan MBE, TD, MA, Dep BG1, Wolsey Hall, Oxford, OX2 6PR, o telephone 0865-54231.

SPANISH LESSONS by native graduate c. Ph.D. Eduardo Romero, 278 6783.

STUDY INTERIOR DESIGN AT HOME Leading correspondence colleg specialising in interior desig offers first class course. Beauti fully illustrated manuals; full qualified tutors. A comprehensiv serious course leading to a Diploma.
Full colour prospectus from the Principa
Thomas B. Dwyer ARIBA,
Rhodec International, School of Design,
Rhodec House, Yelverton, Devon PL20 6D
or 'phone 082 285 2764
Accredited by CACC.

Financial

MORTGAGES. Re-mortgages. Additiona loans. Arranged by Norman Stillerman & Co., 168 Greenford Rd, Harrow, Middx. 01 864 7733. Insurance & Mortgage Brokers

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50–£20,000 Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED